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Windsor Castle.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.



GOLDEN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

Book the Fourth.

I.

COMPRISING THE FIRST TWO EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY
OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

AMID the gloom hovering over the early history of Windsor Castle appear the mighty phantoms of the renowned King Arthur and his knights, for whom, it is said, Merlin reared a magic fortress upon its heights, in a great hall whereof, decorated with trophies of war and of the chase, was placed the famous Round Table. But if the antique tale is now worn out, and no longer part of our faith, it is pleasant at least to record it, and, surren-

dering ourselves for awhile to the sway of fancy, to conjure up the old enchanted castle on the hill, to people its courts with warlike and lovely forms, its forests with fays and giants, and its stream with beauteous and benignant sprites.

Windsor, or Wyndleshire, so called from the winding banks of the river flowing past it, was the abode of the ancient Saxon monarchs; and a legend is related by William of Malmsbury, of a woodman named Wulwin, who being stricken with blindness, and having visited eighty-seven churches and vainly implored their tutelary saints for relief, was at last restored to sight by the touch of Edward the Confessor, who further enhanced the boon by making him keeper of his palace at Windsor. But though this story may be doubted, it is certain, that the pious king above mentioned granted Windsor to the abbot and monks of Saint Peter at Westminster, "for the hope of eternal reward, the remission of his sins, the sins of his father, mother, and all his ancestors, and to the praise of Almighty God, as a perpetual endowment and inheritance."

But the royal donation did not long remain in the hands of the priesthood. Struck by the extreme beauty of the spot, "for that it seemed exceeding profitable and commodious, because situate so near the Thames, the wood fit for game, and many other particulars lying there, meet and necessary for kings, —yea, a place very convenient for his reception," William the Conqueror prevailed upon Abbot Edwin to accept in exchange for it Wakendune and Feringes, in Essex, together with three other tenements in Colchester; and having obtained possession of the coveted hill, he forthwith began to erect a castle upon it,—occupying a space of about half a hide of land. Around it, he formed large parks, to enable him to pursue his favourite pastime of hunting; and he enacted and enforced severe laws for the preservation of the game.

As devoted to the chase as his father, William Rufus frequently hunted in the forests of Windsor, and solemnized some of the festivals of the church in the castle.

In the succeeding reign—namely, that of Henry the First,—the castle was entirely rebuilt and greatly enlarged—assuming somewhat of the character of a palatial residence, having before been little more than a strong hunting-seat. The structure then erected, in all probability, occupied the same site as the upper and lower wards of the present pile; but nothing remains of it except, perhaps, the keep, and of that little beyond its form and position. In 1109, Henry celebrated the feast of Pentecost with great state and magnificence within the castle. In 1122, he there espoused his second wife, Adelicia, daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Louvaine; and failing in obtaining issue by her, assembled the barons at Windsor, and caused them, together with David, King of Scotland, his sister Adela, and her son Stephen, afterwards King of England, to do homage to his daughter Maud, widow of the Emperor Henry the Fifth.

Proof that Windsor Castle was regarded as the second fortress in the realm is afforded by the treaty of peace between the usurper Stephen and the Empress Maud, in which it is coupled with the Tower of London under the designation of *Mota de Windsor*. At the signing of the treaty, it was committed to the custody of Richard de Lucy, who was continued in the office of keeper by Henry the Second.

In the reign of this monarch many repairs were made in the castle, to which a vineyard was attached,—the cultivation of the grape being at this time extensively practised throughout England. Strange as the circumstance may now appear, Stow mentions that vines grew in abundance in the Home Park in the reign of Richard the Second, the wine made from them being consumed at the king's table, and even sold.

It is related by Fabian, that Henry, stung by the disobedience and ingratitude of his sons, caused an allegorical picture to be painted, representing an old eagle assailed by four young ones, which he placed in one of the chambers of the castle. When asked the meaning of the device, he replied, "I am the old eagle, and the four eaglets are my sons, who cease not to pursue my death. The youngest bird, who is tearing out its parent's eyes, is my son John,—my youngest and best-loved son, and who yet is the most eager for my destruction."

On his departure for the holy wars, Richard Cœur de Lion entrusted the government of the castle to Hugh de Pudsey, Bishop of Durham and Earl of Northumberland; but a fierce dispute arising between the warrior-prelate and his ambitious colleague, William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, he was seized and imprisoned by the latter, and compelled to surrender the castle. After an extraordinary display of ostentation, Longchamp was ousted in his turn. On the arrival of the news of Richard's capture and imprisonment in Austria, the castle was seized by Prince John; but it was soon afterwards taken possession of in the king's behalf by the barons, and consigned to the custody of Eleanor, the queen-dowager.

In John's reign, the castle became the scene of a foul and terrible event. William de Braose, a powerful baron, having offended the king, his wife, Maud, was ordered to deliver up her son as a hostage for her husband. But instead of complying with the injunction, she rashly returned for answer—"that she would not entrust her child to the person who could slay his own nephew." Upon which, the ruthless king seized her and her son, and enclosing them in a recess in the wall of the castle, built them up within it.

Sorely pressed by the barons in 1215, John sought refuge within the castle, and in the same year signed the two charters, Magna Charta and Charta de Foresta, at Runnymede—a plain between Windsor and Staines. A curious account of his frantic demeanour, after divesting himself of so much power and extend-

ing so greatly the liberties of the subject, is given by Holinshed :—" Having acted so far contrary to his mind, the king was right sorrowful in heart, cursed his mother that bare him, and the hour in which he was born; wishing that he had received death by violence of sword or knife instead of natural nourishment. He whetted his teeth, and did bite now on one staff, now on another, as he walked, and oft brake the same in pieces when he had done, and with such disordered behaviour and furious gestures he uttered his grief, that the noblemen very well perceived the inclination of his inward affection concerning these things before the breaking-up of the council, and therefore sore lamented the state of the realm, guessing what would follow of his impatience, and displeasing taking of the matter." The faithless king made an attempt to regain his lost power, and war breaking out afresh in the following year, a numerous army, under the command of William de Nivernois, besieged the castle, which was stoutly defended by Inglehard de Achie and sixty knights. The barons, however, learning that John was marching through Norfolk and Suffolk, and ravaging the country, hastily raised the siege, and advanced to meet him. But he avoided them, marched to Stamford and Lincoln, and from thence towards Wales. On his return from this expedition, he was seized with the distemper of which he died.

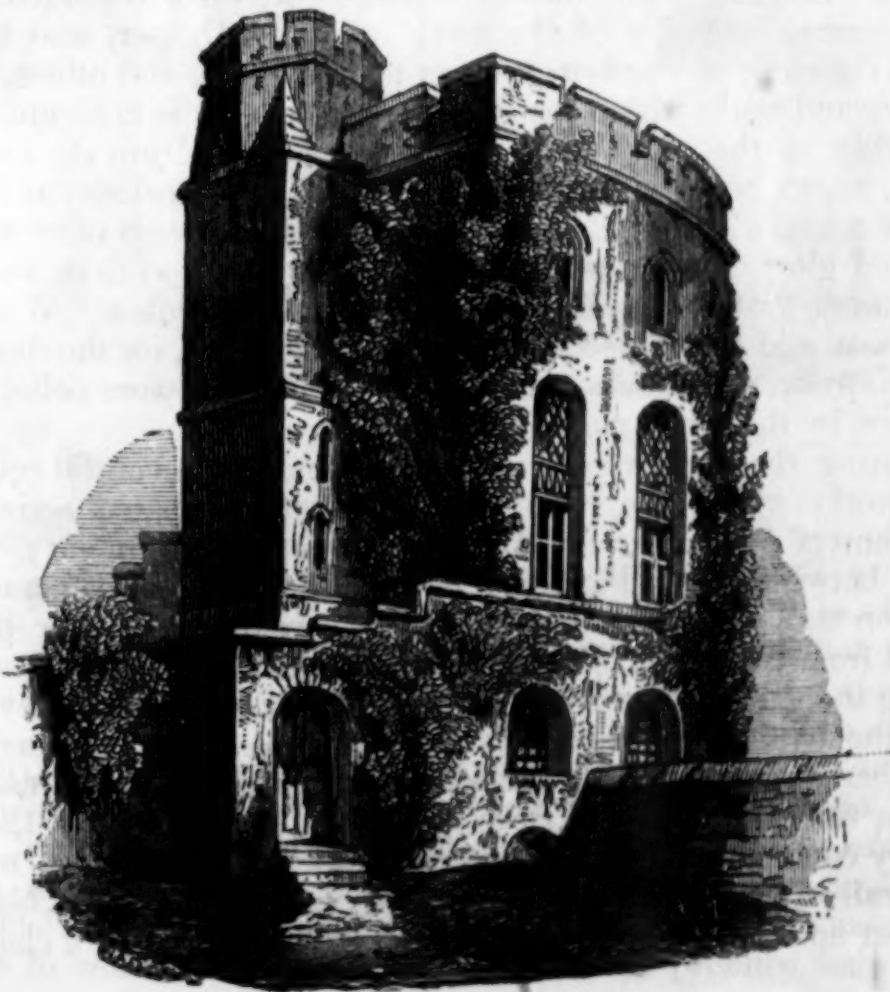
Henry the Third was an ardent encourager of architecture, and his reign marks the second great epoch in the annals of the castle. In 1223, eight hundred marks were paid to Engelhard de Cygony, constable of the castle, John le Draper, and William, the clerk of Windsor, masters of the works, and others, for repairs and works within the castle;—the latter, it is conjectured, referring to the erection of a new great hall within the lower ward, there being already a hall of small dimensions in the upper court. The windows of the new building were filled with painted glass, and at the upper end, upon a raised dais, was a gilt throne sustaining a statue of the king in his robes. Within this vast and richly decorated chamber, in 1240, on the day of the Nativity, an infinite number of poor persons were collected and fed by the king's command.

During the greater part of Henry's long and eventful reign, the works within the castle proceeded with unabated activity. Carpenters were maintained on the royal establishment; the ditch between the hall and the lower ward was repaired; a new kitchen was built; the bridges were repaired with timber procured from the neighbouring forest; certain breaches in the wall facing the garden were stopped; the fortifications were surveyed, and the battlements repaired. At the same time, the queen's chamber was painted and wainscoted, and iron bars were placed before the windows of Prince Edward's chamber. In 1240, Henry commenced building an apartment for his own use near the wall of the castle, sixty feet long, and twenty-eight high; another apartment for the queen contiguous to it; and a chapel

seventy feet long, and twenty-eight feet wide, along the same wall, but with a grassy space between it and the royal apartments. The chapel, as appears from an order to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, had a galilee and a cloister, a lofty wooden roof covered with lead, and a stone turret in front holding three or four bells. Withinside, it was made to appear like stone-work with good ceiling and painting, and it contained four gilded images.

This structure is supposed to have been in existence under the designation of the Old College Church, in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Seventh, by whom it was pulled down to make way for the tomb-house. Traces of its architecture have been discovered by diligent antiquarian research in the south ambulatory of the Dean's Cloister, and in the door behind the altar in Saint George's Chapel, the latter of which is conceived to have formed the principal entrance to the older structure, and has been described as exhibiting "one of the most beautiful specimens which time and innovation have respected of the elaborate ornamental work of the period."

In 1241, Henry commenced operations upon the outworks of the castle, and the three towers on the western side of the lower ward—now known as the Curfew, the Garter, and the Salisbury Towers—were erected by him. He also continued the walls along the south side of the lower ward, traces of the architecture of the period being discoverable in the inner walls of the houses of the alms-knights as far as the tower now bearing his name.



HENRY THE THIRD'S TOWER.

From thence, it is concluded that the ramparts ran along the east side of the upper ward to a tower occupying the site of the Wykeham or Winchester Tower.

The three towers at the west end of the lower ward, though much dilapidated, present unquestionable features of the architecture of the thirteenth century. The lower story of the Curfew Tower, which has been but little altered, consists of a large vaulted chamber, twenty-two feet wide, with walls of nearly thirteen feet in thickness, and having arched recesses terminated by loopholes. The walls are covered with the inscriptions of prisoners who have been confined within it. The Garter Tower, though in a most ruinous condition, exhibits high architectural beauty in its moulded arches and corbelled passages. The Salisbury Tower retains only externally, and on the side towards the town, its original aspect. The remains of a fourth tower are discernible in the Governor of the Alms-Knights' Tower; and Henry the Third's Tower, as before observed, completes what remains of the original chain of fortifications.



SOUTH SIDE OF THE ALMS-KNIGHTS' HOUSES, WITH HENRY THE THIRD'S TOWER, AND THE GOVERNOR'S TOWER.

On the 24th of November, 1244, Henry issued a writ enjoining "the clerks of the works at Windsor to work day and night to wainscot the high chamber upon the wall of the castle near our chapel in the upper bailey, so that it may be ready and properly wainscoted on Friday next, [the 24th occurring on a Tuesday, only two days were allowed for the task,] when we come there, with boards radiated and coloured, so that nothing be found reprehensible in that wainscot; and also to make at each gable of the said chamber one glass window, on the outside of the inner window of each

gable, so that when the inner window shall be closed, the glass windows may be seen outside."

The following year the works were suspended, but they were afterwards resumed and continued, with few interruptions; the keep was new constructed; a stone bench was fixed in the wall near the grass-plot by the king's chamber; a bridge was thrown across the ditch to the king's garden, which lay outside the walls; a barbican was erected, to which a portcullis was subsequently attached; the bridges were defended by strong iron chains; the old chambers in the upper ward were renovated; a conduit and lavatory were added; and a fountain was constructed in the garden.

In this reign, in all probability, the Norman Tower, which now forms a gateway between the middle and the upper ward, was erected. This tower, at present allotted to the housekeeper of the castle, Lady Mary Fox, was used as a prison-lodging during the civil wars of Charles the First's time; and many noble and gallant captives have left mementos of their loyalty and ill fate upon its walls.



LADY MARY FOX'S DRAWING ROOM IN THE NORMAN TOWER

In 1260, Henry received a visit at Windsor from his daughter Margaret, and her husband, Alexander the Third, King of Scotland. The queen gave birth to a daughter during her stay at the castle.

In 1264, during the contest between Henry and the barons, the valiant Prince Edward, his son, returning from a successful expedition into Wales, surprised the citizens of London, and carrying off their military chest, in which was much treasure, retired to Windsor Castle, and strongly garrisoned it. The queen Eleanor, his mother, would fain have joined him there, but she was driven back by the citizens at London Bridge, and compelled to take sanctuary in the palace of the Bishop of London, at Saint Paul's.

Compelled, at length, to surrender the castle to the barons, and to depart from it with his consort, Eleanor of Castile, the brave prince soon afterwards recovered it, but was again forced to deliver it up to Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester, who appointed Geoffrey de Langele governor. But though frequently wrested from him at this period, Windsor Castle was never long out of Henry's possession; and in 1265, the chief citizens of London were imprisoned till they had paid the heavy fine imposed upon them for their adherence to Simon de Montford, who had been just before slain at the battle of Evesham.

During this reign, a terrific storm of wind and thunder occurred, which tore up several great trees in the park, shook the castle, and blew down a part of the building in which the queen and her family were lodged, but happily without doing them injury.

Four of the children of Edward the First, who was blessed with numerous offspring, were born at Windsor; and as he frequently resided at the castle, the town began to increase in importance and consideration. By a charter granted in 1276, it was created a free borough, and various privileges were conferred on its inhabitants. Stow tells us that, in 1295, "on the last day of February, there suddenly arose such a fire in the castle of Windsor, that many offices were therewith consumed, and many goodly images, made to beautify the buildings, defaced and deformed."

Edward the Second, and his beautiful but perfidious queen, Isabella of France, made Windsor Castle their frequent abode; and here, on the 13th day of November, 1312, at forty minutes past five in the morning, was born a prince, over whose nativity the wizard Merlin must have presided. Baptized within the old chapel by the name of Edward, this prince became afterwards the third monarch of the name, and the greatest, and was also styled from the place of his birth, EDWARD OF WINDSOR.

II.

COMPRISING THE THIRD GREAT EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE;—AND SHEWING HOW THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER WAS INSTITUTED.

STRONGLY attached to the place of his birth, Edward the Third, by his letters patent, dated from Westminster, in the twenty-second year of his reign, new founded the ancient chapel established by Henry the First, and dedicated it to the Virgin, Saint George of Cappadocia, and Saint Edward the Confessor; ordaining that to the eight canons appointed by his predecessor, there should be added one custos, fifteen more canons, and twenty-four alms-knights; the whole to be maintained out of the revenues with which the chapel was to be endowed. The institution was confirmed by Pope Clement the Sixth, by a bull issued at Avignon, the 13th November, 1351.

In 1349, before the foundation of the college had been confirmed, as above related, Edward instituted the order of the Garter. The origin of this illustrious order has been much disputed. By some writers it has been ascribed to Richard Cœur de Lion, who is said to have girded a leathern band round the legs of his bravest knights in Palestine. By others it has been asserted that it arose from the word "garter" having been used as a watchword by Edward at the battle of Cressy. Others again have stoutly maintained that its ring-like form bore mysterious reference to the Round Table. But the popular legend, to which, despite the doubts thrown upon it, credence still attaches, declares its origin to be as follows: Joan, Countess of Salisbury, a beautiful dame, of whom Edward was enamoured, while dancing at a high festival, accidentally slipped her garter, of blue embroidered velvet. It was picked up by her royal partner, who, noticing the significant looks of his courtiers on the occasion, used the words to them, which afterwards became the motto of the order, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*;" adding, that "in a short time they should see that garter advanced to so high honour and estimation, as to account themselves happy to wear it."

But whatever may have originated the order, it unquestionably owes its establishment to motives of policy. Wise as valiant, and bent upon prosecuting his claim to the crown of France, Edward, as a means of accomplishing his object, resolved to collect beneath his standard the best knights in Europe, and to lend a colour to the design, he gave forth that he intended a restoration of King Arthur's Round Table, and accordingly commenced constructing within the castle a large circular building of two hundred feet in diameter, in which he placed a round table. On the completion of the work, he issued proclamations throughout England, Scotland, France, Burgundy, Flanders, Brabant, and the Empire, inviting all knights, desirous of approving their valour, to a solemn feast and jousts to be holden within the castle

of Windsor, on Saint George's Day, 1345. The scheme was completely successful. The flower of the chivalry of Europe—excepting that of Philip the Sixth of France, who, seeing through the design, interdicted the attendance of his knights—were present at the tournament, which was graced by Edward and his chief nobles, together with his queen and three hundred of her fairest dames, “adorned with all imaginable gallantry.” At this chivalrous convocation the institution of the order of the Garter was arranged; but before its final establishment Edward assembled his principal barons and knights, to determine upon the regulations, when it was decided that the number should be limited to twenty-six.

The first installation took place on the anniversary of Saint George, the patron of the order, 1349, when the king, accompanied by the twenty-five knights-companions, attired in gowns of russet, with mantles of fine blue woollen cloth, powdered with garters, and bearing the other insignia of the order, marched, bareheaded, in solemn procession, to the chapel of Saint George, then recently rebuilt, where mass was performed by William Edington, Bishop of Winchester, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. The festivities were continued for several days. At the jousts held on this occasion, David, King of Scotland, the Lord Charles of Blois, and Ralph, Earl of Eu and Guisnes, and constable of France, to whom the chief prize of the day was adjudged, with others, then prisoners, attended. The harness of the King of Scotland, embroidered with a pale of red velvet, and beneath it a red rose, was provided at Edward's own charge. This suit of armour was, until a few years back, preserved in the Round Tower, where the royal prisoner was confined. Edward's device was a white swan, gorged or, with the “daring and inviting” motto,—

May hap the wythe swan
By God's soul I am thy man.

The insignia of the order in the days of its founder were the garter, mantle, surcoat, and hood; the George and collar being added by Henry the Eighth. The mantle, as before intimated, was originally of fine blue woollen cloth, but velvet, lined with taffeta, was substituted by Henry the Sixth, the left shoulder being adorned with the arms of Saint George, embroidered within a garter. Little is known of the materials of which the early garter was composed; but it is supposed to have been adorned with gold, and fastened with a buckle of the same metal. The modern garter is of blue velvet, bordered with gold wire, and embroidered with the motto—“*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*” It is worn on the left leg, a little below the knee. The most magnificent garter that ever graced a sovereign was that presented to Charles the First by Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, each letter in the motto of which was com-

posed of diamonds. The collar is formed of pieces of gold fashioned like garters, with a blue enamelled ground. The letters of the motto are in gold, with a rose enamelled red in the centre of each garter. From the collar hangs the George, an ornament enriched with precious stones, and displaying the figure of the Saint encountering the dragon.

The officers of the order are, the prelate, represented by the Bishop of Winchester; the chancellor, by the Bishop of Oxford; the registrar, dean, garter king-at-arms, and the usher of the black rod. Among the foreign potentates who have been invested with the order are, eight emperors of Germany; two of Russia; five kings of France; three of Spain; one of Arragon; seven of Portugal; one of Poland; two of Sweden; six of Denmark; two of Naples; one of Sicily and Jerusalem; one of Bohemia; two of Scotland; seven princes of Orange; and many of the most illustrious personages of different ages in Europe.

Truly hath the learned Selden written, "that the order of the garter hath not only precedence of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour of that kind anywhere established, but it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world." Well, also, hath glorious Dryden, in the "Flower and the Leaf," sung the praises of the illustrious institution:—

"Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince;
Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These of the Garter call'd, of faith unstain'd.
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the laurels which they gain'd."

In 1357, John, King of France, defeated at the battle of Poitiers by Edward the Black Prince, was brought captive to Windsor; and on the festival of Saint George in the following year, 1358, Edward outshone all his former splendid doings by a tournament which he gave in honour of his royal prisoner. Proclamation having been made as before, and letters of safe-conduct issued, the nobles and knighthood of Almayne, Gascoigne, Scotland, and other countries, flocked to attend it. The Queen of Scotland, Edward's sister, was present at the jousts; and it is said that John, commenting upon the splendour of the spectacle, shrewdly observed "that he never saw or knew such royal shows and feastings without some after reckoning." The same monarch replied to his kingly captor, who sought to rouse him from dejection, on another occasion—
"Quomodo cantabimus canticum in terra alienâ!"

That his works might not be retarded for want of hands, Edward, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, appointed John de Sponlee master of the stonchewers, with a power not only "to take and keep, as well within the liberties as without, as

many masons and other artificers as were necessary, and to convey them to Windsor, but to arrest and imprison such as should disobey or refuse; with a command to all sheriffs, mayors, bailiffs, &c., to assist him." These powers were fully acted upon at a later period, when some of the workmen, having left their employment, were thrown into Newgate; while the place of others, who had been carried off by a pestilence then raging in the castle, was supplied by impressment.

In 1356, WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM was constituted superintendent of the works, with the same powers as John de Sponlee, and his appointment marks an important era in the annals of the castle. Originally secretary to Edward the Third, this remarkable man became Bishop of Winchester, and prelate of the Garter. When he solicited the bishopric, it is said that Edward told him he was neither a priest nor a scholar; to which he replied that he would soon be the one, and in regard to the other, he would make more scholars than all the Bishops of England ever did. He made good his word by founding the collegiate school at Winchester, and erecting New College at Oxford. When the Winchester Tower was finished, he caused the words *HOC FECIT WYKEHAM*, to be carved upon it; and the king, offended at his presumption, Wykeham turned away his displeasure by declaring that the inscription meant that the castle had made *him*, and not that *he* had made the castle. It is a curious coincidence, that this tower, after a lapse of four centuries and a half, should become the residence of an architect possessing the genius of Wykeham, and who, like him, had rebuilt the kingly edifice—SIR JEFFRY WYATVILLE.

William of Wykeham retired from office, loaded with honours, in 1362, and was succeeded by William de Mulso. He was interred in the cathedral at Winchester. His arms were argent, two chevrons, sable, between three roses, gules, with the motto—"Manners maketh man."

In 1359, Holinshed relates, that the king "set workmen in hand to take down much old buildings belonging to the castle, and caused divers other fine and sumptuous works to be set up in and about the same castle, so that almost all the masons and carpenters that were of any account in the land were sent for and employed about the same works." The old buildings here referred to were probably the remains of the palace and the keep of Henry the First, in the middle ward.

As the original chapel, dedicated to Saint George, was demolished by Edward the Fourth, its position and form cannot be clearly determined. But a conjecture has been hazarded that it occupied the same ground as the choir of the present chapel, and extended further eastward. "Upon the question of its style," says Mr. Poynter, from whose valuable account of the castle much information has been derived, "there is the evidence of two fragments discovered near this site, a corbel and a piscina, ornamented with foliage strongly characteristic of the *decorated English*

Gothic, and indicating, by the remains of colour on their surfaces, that they belonged to an edifice adorned in the polychromatic style, so elaborately developed in the chapel already built by Edward the Third at Westminster."

The royal lodgings, Saint George's Hall, the buildings on the east and north sides of the upper ward, the Round Tower, the canons' houses in the lower ward, and the whole circumference of the castle, exclusive of the towers erected in Henry the Third's reign, were now built. Among the earlier works in Edward's reign is the Dean's Cloister. The square of the upper ward, added by this monarch, occupied a space of four hundred and twenty feet, and encroached somewhat upon the middle ward. Externally, the walls presented a grim, regular appearance, broken only by the buttresses, and offering no other apertures than the narrow loopholes and gateways. Some traces of the architecture of the period may still be discerned in the archway and machecoulis of the principal gateway adjoining the Round Tower; the basement chamber of the Devil Tower, or Edward the Third's Tower; and in the range of groined and four-centered vaulting, extending along the north side of the upper quadrangle, from the kitchen gateway to King John's Tower.

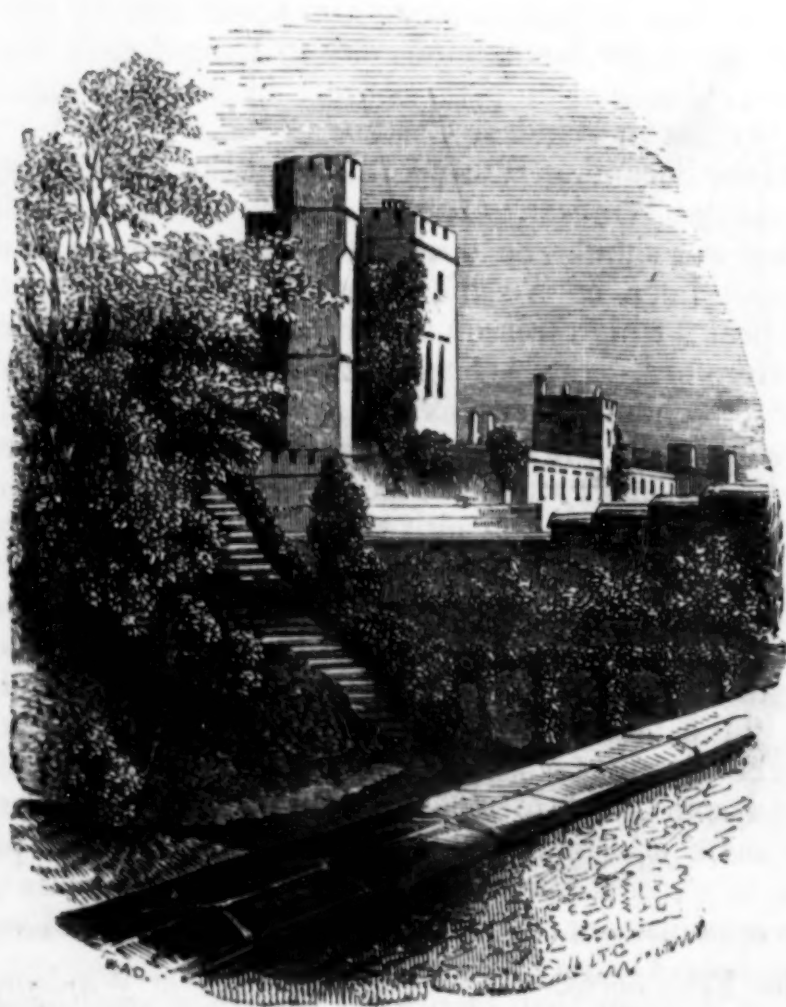
In 1369, Queen Philippa, consort of Edward the Third, breathed her last in Windsor Castle.

Richard the Second, grandson of Edward the Third, frequently kept his court at Windsor. Here, in 1382, it was determined by council that war should be declared against France; and here, sixteen years later, on a scaffold erected within the castle, the famous appeal for high treason was made by Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, the latter of whom defied his accuser to mortal combat. The duel was stopped by the king, and the adversaries banished; but the Duke of Lancaster afterwards returned to depose his banisher. About the same time, the citizens of London having refused Richard a large loan, he summoned the lord mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and twenty-four of the principal citizens, to his presence, and after rating them soundly, ordered them all into custody, imprisoning the lord mayor in the castle. In this reign, Geoffrey Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," was appointed clerk to the works of Saint George's Chapel, at a salary of two shillings per day, (a sum equal to £657 per annum of modern money,) with the same arbitrary power as had been granted to previous surveyors, to impress carpenters and masons. Chaucer did not retain his appointment more than twenty months, and was succeeded by John Gedney.

It was at Windsor that Henry the Fourth, scarcely assured of the crown he had seized, received intelligence of a conspiracy against his life from the traitorous Aumerle, who purchased his own safety at the expense of his confederates. The timely warning enabled the king to baffle the design. It was in Windsor, also, that the children of Mortimer, Earl of March, the rightful

successor to the throne, were detained as hostages for their father. Liberated by the countess dowager of Gloucester, who contrived to open their prison door with false keys, the youthful captives escaped to the marches of Wales, where, however, they were overtaken by the emissaries of Henry, and brought back to their former place of confinement.

A few years later, another illustrious prisoner was brought to Windsor—namely, Prince James, the son of King Robert the Third, and afterwards James the First of Scotland. This prince remained a captive for upwards of eighteen years; not being released till 1424, in the second of Henry the Sixth, by the Duke of Bedford, then regent. James's captivity, and his love for Jane of Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and grand-daughter to John of Gaunt, to whom he was united, have breathed a charm over the Round Tower, where he was confined; and his memory, like that of the chivalrous and poetical Surrey, whom he resembled in character and accomplishments, will be ever associated with it.



MOAT OF THE ROUND TOWER, WITH HENRY THE THIRD'S TOWER.

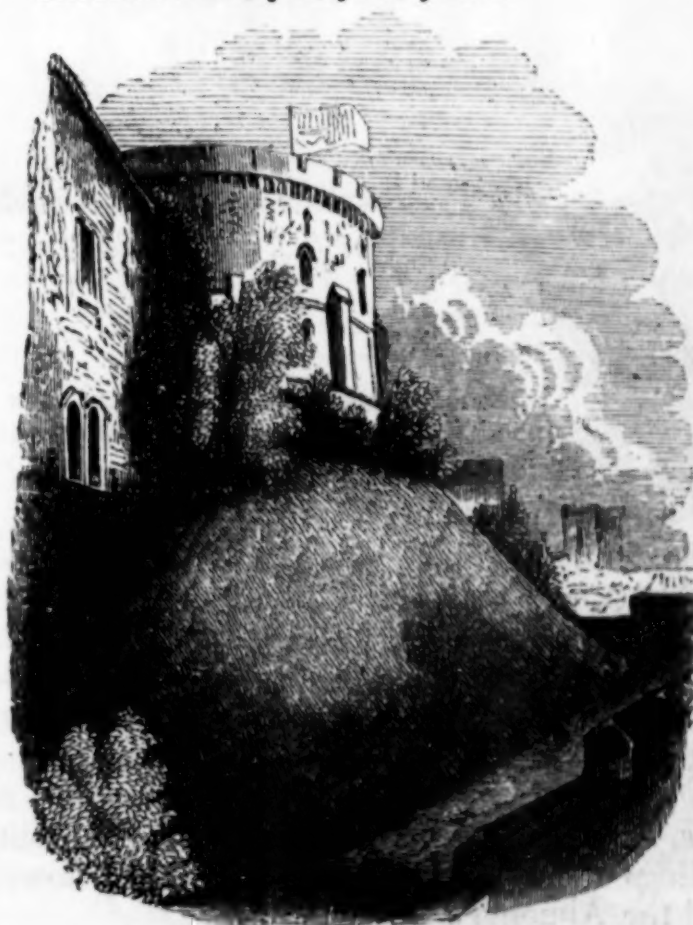
In the "King's Quair," the royal poet has left an exquisite picture of a garden nook, contrived within the dry moat of the dungeon:—

" Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall,
 A garden faire, and in the corners set
 An arbour green with wandis long and small
 Railéd about, and so with leaves beset
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That lyf was none, walking there forbye,
 That might within scarce any wight espy.

" So thick the branches and the leavés green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And midst of every arbour might be seen
 The sharpe, green, sweet juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That as it seeméd to a lyf without
 The boughs did spread the arbour all about."

And he thus describes the first appearance of the lovely Jane,
 and the effect produced upon him by her charms:—

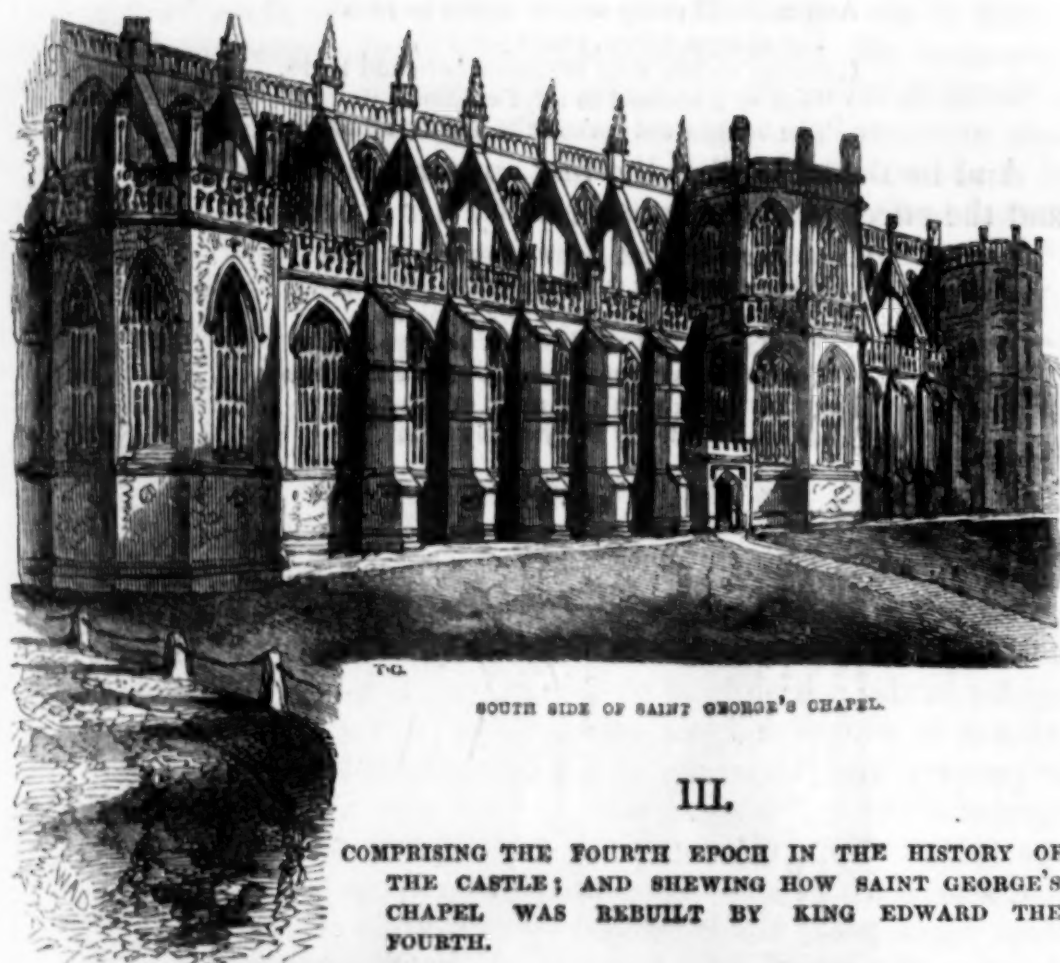
" And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
 Where as I saw walking under the tower,
 Full secretly, new comyn her to plain,
 The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
 That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour;
 For which sudden abate, anon did start
 The blood of all my body to my heart."



ROUND TOWER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, WITH COVERED WAY FROM SAINT GEORGE'S GATE.

Henry the Fifth occasionally kept his court at Windsor, and in 1416 entertained with great magnificence the Emperor Sigismund, who brought with him an invaluable relic—the heart of Saint George, which he bestowed upon the chapter. The emperor was at the same time invested with the order.

In 1421, the unfortunate Henry the Sixth was born within the castle; and in 1484, he was interred within it.



FINDING the foundation and walls of Saint George's Chapel much dilapidated and decayed, Edward the Fourth resolved to pull down the pile, and build a larger and statelier structure in its place. With this view, he constituted Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, surveyor of the works, from whose designs arose the present beautiful edifice. To enable the Bishop to accomplish the work, power was given him to remove all obstructions, and to enlarge the space by the demolition of the three buildings then commonly called Clure's Tower, Berner's Tower, and the Almoner's Tower.

The zeal and assiduity with which Beauchamp prosecuted his task is adverted to in the patent of his appointment to the office of Chancellor of the Garter, the preamble whereof recites, "that out of mere love towards the order, he had given himself the leisure daily to attend the advancement and progress of this goodly fabric."

The chapel, however, was not completed in one reign, or

by one architect. Sir Reginald Bray, prime-minister of Henry the Seventh, succeeded Bishop Beauchamp as surveyor of the works, and it was by him that the matchless roof of the choir and other parts of the fabric were built. Indeed, the frequent appearance of Bray's arms, sometimes single, sometimes impaling his alliances, in many parts of the ceiling and windows, has led to the supposition that he himself contributed largely to the expense of the work. The groined ceiling of the chapel was not commenced till the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry the Seventh, when the pinnacles of the roof were decorated with vanes, supported by gilt figures of lions, antelopes, greyhounds, and dragons,—the want of which is still a detriment to the external beauty of the structure.

"The main vaulting of Saint George's Chapel," says Mr. Poynter, "is perhaps, without exception, the most beautiful specimen of the Gothic stone roof in existence; but it has been very improperly classed with those of the same architectural period in the chapels of King's College, Cambridge, and Henry the Seventh, at Westminster. The roofing of the aisle and the centre compartment of the body of the building, are indeed in that style, but the vault of the nave and choir differ essentially from *fan* vaulting, both in drawing and construction. It is, in fact, a *wagon-headed* vault, broken by *Welsh groins*—that is to say, groins which cut into the main arch below the apex. It is not singular in the principle of its design, but it is unique in its proportions, in which the exact mean seems to be attained between the poverty and monotony of a wagon-headed ceiling, and the ungraceful effect of a mere groined roof with a depressed roof of large span. To which may be added, that with a richness of effect scarcely if at all inferior to fan tracery, it is free from those abrupt junctions of the lines and other defects of drawing inevitable when the length and breadth of the compartments of fan vaulting differ very much, of which King's College Chapel exhibits some notable instances."

Supported by these exquisite ribs and groins, the ceiling is decorated with heraldic insignia, displaying the arms of Edward the Confessor, Edward the Third, Edward the Black Prince, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, and Henry the Eighth; with the arms of England and France quartered, the holy cross, the shield or cross of Saint George, the rose, portcullis, lion rampant, unicorn, fleur-de-lis, dragon, and prince's feathers, together with the arms of a multitude of noble families. In the nave are emblazoned the arms of Henry the Eighth, and of several knights-companions, among which are those of Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and Ferdinand, Infant of Spain. The extreme lightness and graceful proportions of the pillars lining the aisles contribute greatly to the effect of this part of the structure.



INTERIOR OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHOIR

Beautiful, however, as is the body of the chapel, it is not comparable to the choir. Here, and on either side, are ranged the stalls of the knights, formerly twenty-six in number, but now increased to thirty-two, elaborately carved in black oak, and covered by canopies of the richest tabernacle-work, supported by slender pillars. On the pedestals is represented the history of the Saviour, and on the front of the stalls, at the west end of the choir, is carved the legend of Saint George; while on the outside of the upper seat is cut, in old Saxon characters, the twentieth psalm, in Latin. On the canopies of the stalls are placed the mantle, helmet, coat, and sword of the knights-companions; and above them are hung their emblazoned banners. On the back of each stall are fixed small enamelled plates, graven with the

titles of the knights who have occupied it. The ancient stall of the sovereign was removed in 1788, and a new seat erected.

The altar was formerly adorned with costly hangings of crimson velvet and gold, but these, together with the consecrated vessels, of great value, were seized by order of parliament in 1642, amid the general plunder of the foundation. The service of the altar was replaced by Charles the Second.

The sovereign's stall is immediately on the right on the entrance to the choir, and the prince's on the left. The queen's closet is on the north side, above the altar. Beneath it is the beautiful and elaborately-wrought framework of iron, representing a pair of gates between two Gothic towers, designed as a screen to the tomb of Edward the Fourth, and which, though popularly attributed to Quintin Matsys, has with more justice been assigned to Master John Tressilian.

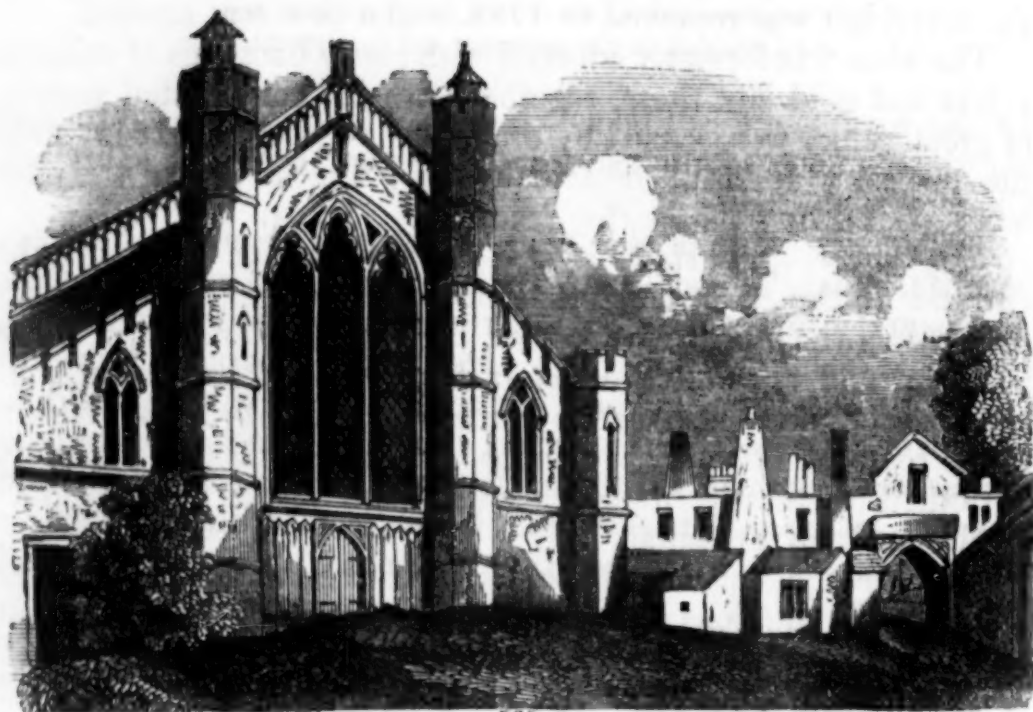
One great blemish to the chapel exists in the window over the altar, the mullions and tracery of which have been removed to make way for dull, colourless copies in painted glass of West's designs. Instead of

———"blushing with the blood of kings,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings—

steeping the altar in rich suffusion, chequering the walls and pavement with variegated hues, and filling the whole sacred spot with a warm and congenial glow—these panes produce a cold, cheerless, and most disagreeable effect.

The removal of this objectionable feature, and the restoration of frame-work and compartments in the style of the original, and enriched with ancient mellow-toned and many-hued glass in keeping with the place, are absolutely indispensable to the completeness and unity of character of the chapel. Two clerestory windows at the east end of the choir, adjoining the larger window, have been recently filled with stained glass in much better taste.

The objections above made may be urged with equal force against the east and west windows of the south aisle of the body of the fane, and the west window of the north aisle. The glorious west window, composed of eighty compartments, embellished with figures of kings, patriarchs, and bishops, together with the insignia of the garter and the arms of prelates,—the wreck gathered from all the other windows,—and streaming with the radiance of the setting sun upon the broad nave and graceful pillars of the aisles,—this superb window—an admirable specimen of the architecture of the age in which it was designed—had well nigh shared the fate of the others, and was only preserved from desecration by the circumstance of the death of the glass-painter. The mullions of this window being found much decayed, were carefully and consistently restored, during the last year, by Mr. Blore, and the ancient stained glass replaced.



WEST END OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Not only does Saint George's Chapel form a house of prayer and a temple of chivalry, but it is also the burial-place of kings. At the east end of the north aisle of the choir is a plain flag, bearing the words:—

King Edward III. and his Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

The coat of mail, and surcoat, decorated with rubies and precious stones, together with other rich trophies once ornamenting this tomb, were carried off by the parliamentary plunderers. Edward's queen, Elizabeth Woodville, it was thought slept beside him; but when the royal tomb was opened in 1789, and the two coffins within it examined, the smaller one was found empty. The queen's body was subsequently discovered in a stone coffin by the workmen employed in excavating the vault for George the Third. Edward's coffin was seven feet long, and contained a perfect skeleton. On the opposite aisle, near the choir door, as already mentioned, rests the ill-fated Henry the Sixth, beneath an arch sumptuously embellished by Henry the Eighth, on the keystone of which may still be seen his arms, supported by two antelopes connected by a golden chain. Henry's body was removed from Chertsey, where it was first interred, and reburied in 1484, with much solemnity, in this spot. Such was the opinion entertained of his sanctity that miracles were supposed to be wrought upon his tomb, and Henry the Seventh applied to have him canonized, but the demands of the pope were too exorbitant. The proximity of Henry and Edward in death suggested the following lines to Pope:—

"Here, o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps;
The grave unites, where e'en the grave finds rest,
And mingled lie the oppressor and the opprest."

In the royal vault in the choir repose Henry the Eighth and his third queen, Jane Seymour, together with the martyred Charles the First.

Space only permits the hasty enumeration of the different beautiful chapels and chantries adorning this splendid fane. These are, Lincoln Chapel, near which Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, is buried; Oxenbridge Chapel; Aldworth Chapel; Bray Chapel, where rests the body of Sir Reginald de Bray, the architect of the pile; Beaufort Chapel, containing sumptuous monuments of the noble family of that name; Rutland Chapel; Hastings Chapel; and Urswick Chapel, in which is now placed the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte, sculptured by Matthew Wyatt.

In a vault near the sovereign's stall lie the remains of the Duke of Gloucester, who died in 1805, and of his duchess, who died two years after him. And near the entrance of the south door is a slab of grey marble, beneath which lies one who in his day filled the highest offices of the realm, and was the brother of a king and the husband of a queen. It is inscribed with the great name of CHARLES BRANDON.

At the east end of the north aisle is the chapter-house, in which is a portrait and the sword of state of Edward the Third.

Adjoining the chapel, on the east, stands the royal tomb-house. Commenced by Henry the Seventh as a mausoleum, but abandoned for the chapel in Westminster Abbey, this structure was granted by Henry the Eighth to Wolsey, who intending it as a place of burial for himself, erected within it a sumptuous monument of black and white marble, with eight large brazen columns placed around it, and four others in the form of candlesticks. At the time of the cardinal's disgrace, when the building reverted to the crown, the monument was far advanced towards completion—the vast sum of 4280 ducats having been paid to Benedetto, a Florentine sculptor, for work, and nearly four hundred pounds for gilding part of it. This tomb was stripped of its ornaments, and destroyed by the parliamentary rebels in 1646; but the black marble sarcophagus forming part of it, and intended as a receptacle for Wolsey's own remains, escaped destruction, and now covers the grave of Nelson in a crypt of Saint Paul's cathedral.

Henry the Eighth was not interred in this mausoleum, but in Saint George's Chapel, as has just been mentioned, and as he himself directed, "mid-way between the state and the high altar." Full instructions were left by him for the erection of a monument, which, if it had been completed, would have been truly magnificent. The pavement was to be of oriental

stones, with two great steps upon it of the same material. The two pillars of the church between which the tomb was to be set were to be covered with bas-reliefs, representing the chief events of the Old Testament, angels with gilt garlands, fourteen images of the prophets, the apostles, the evangelists, and the four doctors of the church, and at the foot of every image a little child with a basket full of red and white roses enamelled and gilt. Between these pillars, on a basement of white marble, the epitaphs of the king and queen were to be written in letters of gold. On the same basement were to be two tombs of black touchstone supporting the images of the king and queen, not as dead, but sleeping, "to shew," so runs the order, "that famous princes leaving behind them great fame do never die." On the right hand at either corner of the tomb was to be an angel holding the king's arms, with a great candlestick, and at the opposite corners, two other angels bearing the queen's arms and candlesticks. Between the two black tombs was to rise a high basement like a sepulchre, surmounted by a statue of the king on horseback, in armour—both figures to be "of the whole stature of a goodly man and a large horse." Over this statue was to be a canopy, like a triumphal arch, of white marble, garnished with oriental stones of divers colours, with the story of Saint John the Baptist wrought in gilt brass upon it, with a crowning group of the Father holding the soul of the king in his right hand and the soul of the queen in his left, and blessing them. The height of the monument was to be twenty-eight feet. The number of statues was to be one hundred and thirty-four, with forty-four bas-reliefs. It would be matter of infinite regret that this great design was never executed, if its destruction by the parliamentary plunderers would not in that case have been, also, matter of certainty.

Charles the First intended to fit up this structure as a royal mausoleum, but was diverted from the plan by the outbreak of the civil war. It was afterwards used as a chapel by James the Second, and mass was publicly performed in it. The ceiling was painted by Verrio, and the walls highly ornamented; but the decorations were greatly injured by the fury of an anti-catholic mob, who assailed the building, and destroyed its windows, on the occasion of a banquet given to the pope's nuncio by the king. In this state it continued till the commencement of the present century, when the exterior was repaired by George the Third, and a vault, seventy feet in length, twenty-eight in width, and fourteen in depth, constructed within it, for the reception of the royal family. Catacombs formed of massive octangular pillars, and supporting ranges of shelves, line the walls on either side. At the eastern extremity, there are five niches, and in the middle twelve low tombs. A subterranean passage leads from the vault beneath the choir of Saint George's altar to the

sepulchre. Within it are deposited the bodies of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, the Princesses Amelia and Charlotte, the Dukes of Kent and of York, and the two last sovereigns, George the Fourth and William the Fourth.

But to return to the reign of Edward the Fourth, from which the desire to bring down the history of Saint George's Chapel to the present time has led to the foregoing digression. About the same time that the chapel was built, habitations for the dean and canons were erected on the north-east of the fane, while another range of dwellings for the minor canons was built at its west end, disposed in the form of a fetter-lock, one of the badges of Edward the Fourth, and since called the Horse-shoe Cloisters. The ambulatory of these cloisters once displayed a fine specimen of the timber architecture of Henry the Seventh's time, when they were repaired, but little of their original character can now be discerned.

In 1482, Edward, desirous of advancing his popularity with the citizens of London, invited the lord mayor and aldermen to Windsor, where he feasted them royally, and treated them to the pleasures of the chase, sending them back to their spouses, loaded with game.

In 1484, Richard the Third kept the feast of Saint George at Windsor, and the building of the chapel was continued during his reign.

The picturesque portion of the castle on the north side of the upper ward, near the Norman gateway, and which is one of the noblest Gothic features of the proud pile, was built by Henry the Seventh, whose name it still bears. The side of this building looking towards the terrace was originally decorated with two rich windows, but one of them has disappeared, and the other has suffered much damage.

In 1500, the deanery was rebuilt by Dean Urswick. At the lower end of the court, adjoining the canons' houses behind the Horse-shoe Cloisters, stands the Collegiate Library, the date of which is uncertain, though it may perhaps be referred to this period. The establishment was enriched in later times by a valuable library, bequeathed to it by the Earl of Ranelagh.

In 1506, Windsor was the scene of great festivity, in consequence of the unexpected arrival of Philip, king of Castile, and his queen, who had been driven by stress of weather into Weymouth. The royal visitors remained for several weeks at the Castle, during which it continued a scene of revelry, intermixed with the sports of the chase. At the same time, Philip was invested with the order of the Garter, and installed in the chapel of Saint George.

The great gateway to the lower ward was built in the commencement of the reign of Henry the Eighth. It is decorated with his arms and devices—the rose, portcullis, and fleur-de-lis,

and with the bearings of Catherine of Arragon. In 1522, Charles the Fifth visited Windsor, and was installed Knight of the Garter.

During a period of dissension in the council, Edward the Sixth was removed for safety to Windsor, by the lord protector, Somerset; and here, at a later period, the youthful monarch received a letter from the council urging the dismissal of Somerset, with which, by the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he complied.

In this reign, an undertaking to convey water to the castle from Blackmore Park, near Wingfield, a distance of five miles, was commenced, though it was not till 1555, in the time of Mary, that the plan was accomplished, when a pipe was brought into the upper ward, "and there the water plenteously did rise thirteen feet high." In the middle of the court was erected a magnificent fountain, consisting of a canopy raised upon columns, gorgeously decorated with heraldic ornaments, and surmounted by a great vane, with the arms of Philip and Mary impaled upon it, and supported by a lion and an eagle, gilt and painted. The water was discharged by a great dragon, one of the supporters of the Tudor arms, into the cistern beneath, whence it was conveyed by pipes to every part of the castle.

Mary held her court at Windsor soon after her union with Philip of Spain. About this period, the old habitations of the alms-knights on the south side of the lower quadrangle were taken down, and others erected in their stead.

Fewer additions were made to Windsor Castle by Elizabeth than might have been expected from her predilection for it as a place of residence. She extended and widened the north terrace, where, when lodging within the castle, she daily took exercise, whatever might be the weather. The terrace at this time, as it is described by Paul Hentzner, and as it appears in Norden's view, was a sort of balcony projecting beyond the scarp of the hill, and supported by great cantilevers of wood.

In 1576, the gallery still bearing her name, and lying between Henry the Seventh's buildings and the Norman Tower, was erected by Elizabeth. This portion of the castle had the good fortune to escape the alterations and modifications made in almost every other part of the upper ward after the restoration of Charles the Second. It now forms the library. A large garden was laid out by the same queen, and a small gateway on Castle-hill, built by her—which afterwards became one of the greatest obstructions to the approach, and it was taken down by George the Fourth.

Elizabeth often hunted in the parks, and exhibited her skill in archery, which was by no means inconsiderable, at the butts. Her fondness for dramatic performances likewise induced her to erect a stage within the castle, on which plays and interludes

were performed. And to her admiration of the character of Falstaff, and her love of the locality, the world is indebted for the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

James the First favoured Windsor as much as his predecessors; caroused within its halls, and chased the deer in its parks. Christian the Fourth of Denmark was sumptuously entertained by him at Windsor. In this reign a curious dispute occurred between the king and the dean and chapter respecting the repair of a breach in the wall, which was not brought to issue for three years, when, after much argument, it was decided in favour of the clergy.

Little was done at Windsor by Charles the First until the tenth year of his reign, when a banqueting-house erected by Elizabeth was taken down, and the magnificent fountain constructed by Queen Mary demolished. Two years afterwards, "a pyramid or lantern," with a clock, bell, and dial, was ordered to be set up in the front of the castle, and a balcony was erected before the room where Henry the Sixth was born.

In the early part of the year 1642, Charles retired to Windsor, to shield himself from the insults of the populace, and was followed by a committee of the House of Commons, who prevailed upon him to desist from the prosecution of the impeached members. On the 23rd of October, in the same year, Captain Fogg, at the head of a parliamentarian force, demanded the keys of the college-treasury, and not being able to obtain them, forced open the doors, and carried off the whole of the plate.

The plunder of the college was completed by Vane, the parliamentary governor of the castle, who seized upon the whole of the furniture and decorations of the choir; rifled the tomb of Edward the Fourth; stripped off all the costly ornaments from Wolsey's tomb; defaced the emblazonings over Henry the Sixth's grave; broke the rich painted glass of the windows, and wantonly destroyed the exquisite woodwork of the choir.

Towards the close of the year 1648, the ill-fated Charles was brought a prisoner to Windsor, where he remained while preparations were made for the execrable tragedy soon afterwards enacted. After the slaughter of the martyr-monarch, the castle became the prison of the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, and the Duke of Hamilton, and other royalists and cavaliers.

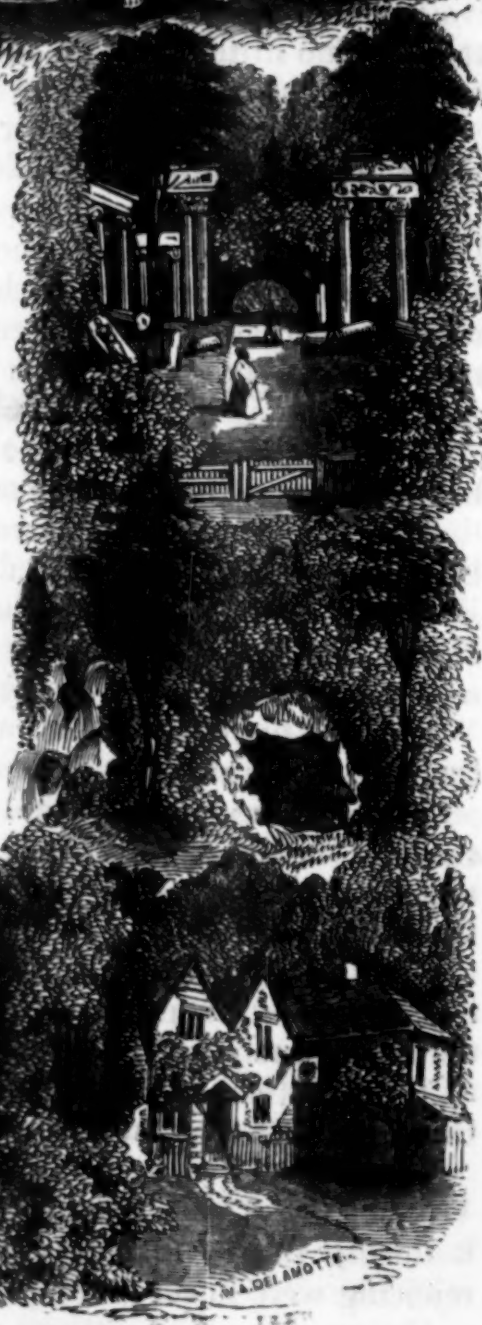
Cromwell frequently resided within the castle, and often took a moody and distrustful walk upon the terrace. It was during the Protectorate, in 1677, that the ugly buildings, appropriated to the naval knights, standing between the Garter Tower and Chancellor's Tower, were erected by Sir Francis Crane.



IV.

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE
FROM THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SE-
COND TO THAT OF GEORGE THE THIRD—
WITH A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING
THE PARKS AND THE FOREST.

ON the Restoration, the castle re-
sumed its splendour, and presented
a striking contrast to the previous
gloomy period. The terrace, with
its festive groups, resembled a pic-
ture by Watteau; the courts re-
sounded with laughter; and the
velvet sod of the Home Park was
as often pressed by the foot of frolic
beauty as by that of the tripping deer.



Seventeen state apartments were erected by Sir Christopher Wren, under the direction of Sir John Denham; the ceilings were painted by Verrio; and the walls decorated with exquisite carvings by Grinling Gibbons. A grand staircase was added at the same time. Most of the chambers were hung with tapestry, and all adorned with pictures and costly furniture. The additions made to the castle by Charles was the part of the north front, then called the "Star Building," from the star of the order of the Garter worked in colours in the front of it, but now denominated the "Stuart Building," extending eastward along the terrace from Henry the Seventh's building, one hundred and seventy feet. In 1676, the ditch was filled up, and the terrace carried along the south and east fronts of the castle.

Meanwhile, the original character of the castle was completely destroyed and Italianized. The beautiful and picturesque irregularities of the walls were removed; the towers shaved off; the windows transformed into common-place circular-headed apertures. And so the castle remained for more than a century.

Edward the Third's Tower, indifferently called the Earl Marshal's Tower and the Devil Tower, and used as a place of confinement for state prisoners, was now allotted to the maids of honour. It was intended by Charles to erect a monument in honour of his martyred father on the site of the Tomb-house, which he proposed to remove, and 70,000*l.* were voted by parliament for this purpose. The design, however, was abandoned under the plea that the body could not be found, though it was perfectly well known where it lay. The real motive probably was that Charles had already spent the money.

In 1680, an equestrian statue of Charles the Second, executed by Strada, at the expense of Tobias Rustat, formerly housekeeper at Hampton Court, was placed in the centre of the upper ward. It now stands at the lower end of the same court. The sculptures on the pedestal were designed by Grinling Gibbons; and Horace Walpole pleasantly declared that the statue had no other merit than to attract attention to them.

In old times, a road, forming a narrow irregular avenue, ran through the woods from the foot of the castle to Snow Hill. But this road having been neglected, during a long series of years, the branches of the trees and underwood had so much encroached upon it as to render it wholly impassable. A grand avenue, 240 feet wide was planned by Charles in its place; and the magnificent approach called the Long Walk laid out and planted.

The only material incident connected with the castle during the reign of James the Second has been already related.

Windsor was not so much favoured as Hampton Court by William the Third, though he contemplated alterations within it during the latter part of his life, which it may be matter of rejoicing were never accomplished.

Queen Anne's operations were chiefly directed towards the parks, in improving which nearly 40,000*l.* were expended. In

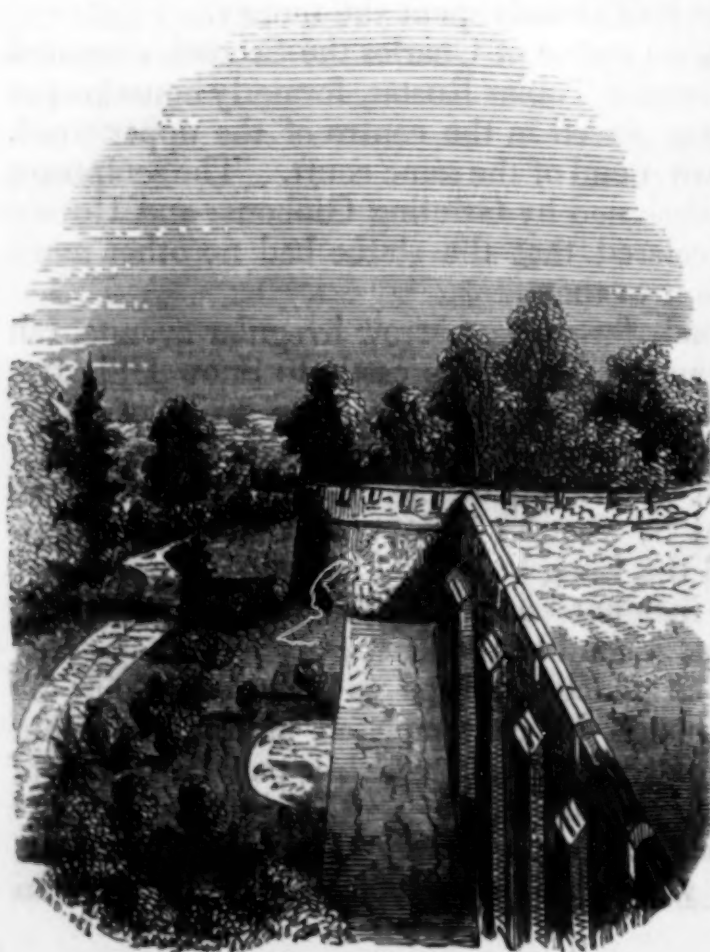
1707, the extensive avenue running almost parallel with the Long Walk, and called the "Queen's Walk," was planted by her; and three years afterwards, a carriage road was formed through the Long Walk. A garden was also planned on the north side of the castle. In this reign, Sir James Thornhill commenced painting Charles the Second's staircase with designs from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, but did not complete his task till after the accession of George the First. This staircase was removed in 1800, to make way for the present Gothic entrance erected by the elder Wyatt.

The two first monarchs of the house of Hanover rarely used Windsor as a residence, preferring Hampton Court and Kensington; and even George the Third did not actually live in the Castle, but in the Queen's Lodge—a large detached building, with no pretension to architectural beauty, which he himself erected opposite the south terrace, at a cost of nearly 44,000*l*. With most praiseworthy zeal, and almost entirely at his own expense, this monarch undertook the restoration of Saint George's Chapel. The work was commenced in 1787, occupied three years, and was executed by Mr. Emlyn, a local architect. The whole building was re-paved, a new altar-screen and organ added, and the carving restored.

In 1796, Mr. James Wyatt was appointed surveyor-general of the royal buildings, and effected many internal arrangements. Externally, he restored Wren's round-headed windows to their original form, and at the same time gothicised a large portion of the north and south sides of the upper ward.

Before proceeding further, a word must be said about the parks.

The Home Park, which lies on the east and north sides of the castle, is about four miles in circumference, and was enlarged and inclosed with a brick wall by William the Third. On the east, and nearly on the site of the present sunk garden, a bowling-green, was laid out by Charles the Second. Below, on the north, were Queen Anne's gardens, since whose time the declivity of the hill has been planted with forest trees. At the east angle of the north



SLOPES FROM THE NORTH-EAST ANGLE OF THE TERRACE.

terrace are the beautiful slopes, with a path skirting the north side of the Home Park, and leading through charming plantations in the direction of the royal farm and dairy, the ranger's lodge, and the kennel for the queen's harriers. This park contains many noble trees; and the grove of elms in the south-east, near the spot where the scathed oak assigned to Herne stands, is traditionally asserted to have been a favourite walk of Queen Elizabeth. It still retains her name.

The Great Park is approached by the magnificent avenue, called the Long Walk, laid out, as has been stated, by Charles the Second, and extending to the foot of Snow Hill, the summit of which is crowned by the colossal equestrian statue of George the Third, by Westmacott. Not far from this point stands Cumberland Lodge, which derives its name from William, Duke of Cumberland, to whom it was granted in 1744. According to Norden's survey, in 1607, this park contained 3050 acres; but when surveyed by George the Third, it was found to consist of 3800 acres, of which 200 were covered with water. At that time, the park was overgrown with fern and rushes, and abounded in bogs and swamps, which in many places were dangerous and almost impassable. It contained about three thousand head of deer in bad condition. The park has since been thoroughly drained, smoothed, and new planted in parts; and two farms have been introduced upon it, under the direction of Mr. Kent, at which the Flemish and Norfolk modes of husbandry have been successfully practised.

Boasting every variety of forest scenery, and commanding from its knolls and acclivities magnificent views of the castle, the Great Park is traversed in all directions, by green drives threading its long vistas, or crossing its open glades, laid out by George the Fourth. Amid the groves at the back of Spring Hill, in a charmingly-sequestered situation, stands a small private chapel,

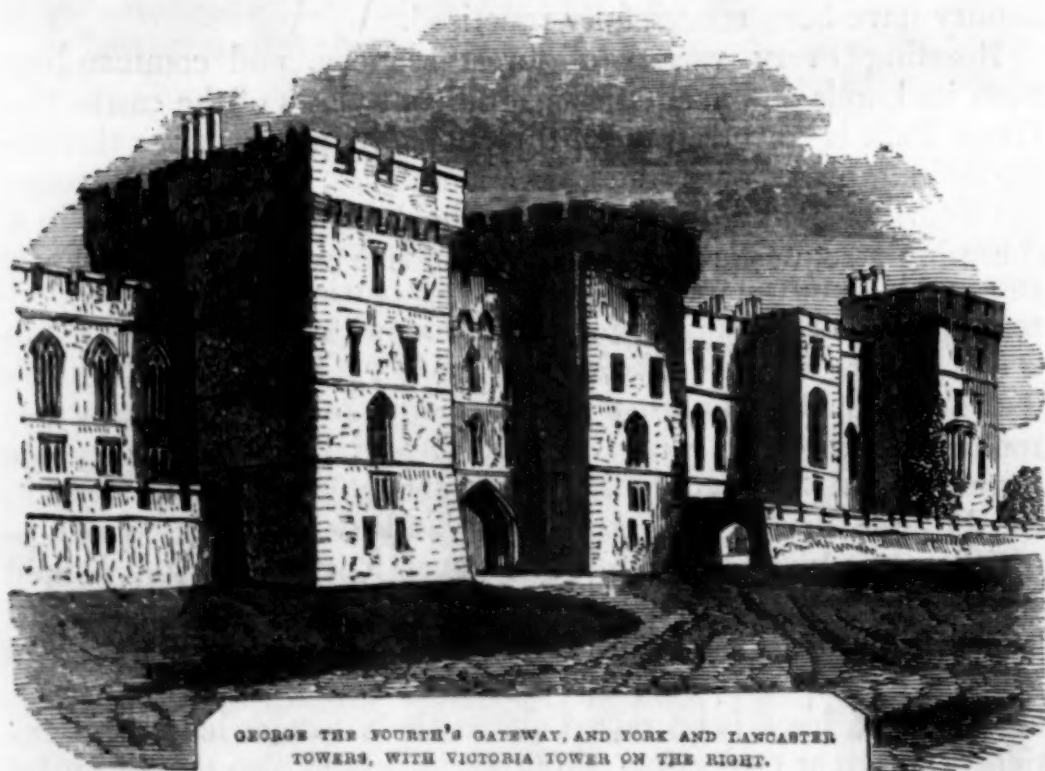


PRIVATE CHAPEL IN THE GREAT PARK

built in the Gothic style, and which was used as a place of devotion by George the Fourth during the progress of the improvements at the castle, and is sometimes attended by the present queen.

Not the least of the attractions of the park is Virginia Water, with its bright and beautiful expanse, its cincture of green banks, soft and smooth as velvet, its screen of noble woods, its Chinese fishing-temple, its frigates, its ruins, its cascade, cave, and Druidical temple, its obelisk and bridges, with numberless beauties besides which it would be superfluous to describe here. This artificial mere covers pretty nearly the same surface of ground as that occupied by the great lake of olden times.

Windsor Forest once comprehended a circumference of a hundred and twenty miles, and comprised part of Buckinghamshire, a considerable portion of Surrey, and the whole south-east side of Berkshire, as far as Hungerford. On the Surrey side, it included Cobham and Chertsey, and extended along the side of the Wey, which marked its limits as far as Guildford. In the reign of James the First, when it was surveyed by Norden, its circuit was estimated at seventy-seven miles and a half, exclusive of the liberties extending into Buckinghamshire. There were fifteen walks within it, each under the charge of a head keeper, and the whole contained upwards of three thousand head of deer. It is now almost wholly enclosed.



GEORGE THE FOURTH'S GATEWAY, AND YORK AND LANCASTER TOWERS, WITH VICTORIA TOWER ON THE RIGHT.

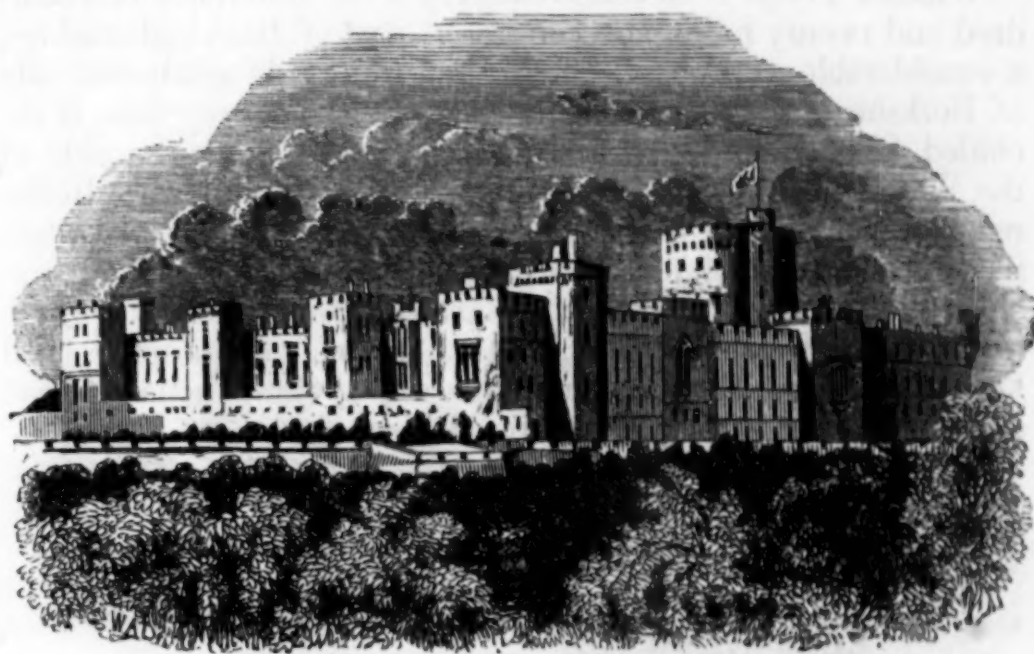
V.

THE LAST GREAT EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE.

A PRINCE of consummate taste and fine conceptions, George the Fourth meditated, and what is better, accomplished, the

restoration of the castle to more than its original grandeur. He was singularly fortunate in his architect. Sir Jeffry Wyattville was to him what William of Wykeham had been to Edward the Third. All the incongruities of successive reigns were removed; all, or nearly all, the injuries inflicted by time repaired; and when the work so well commenced was finished, the structure took its place as the noblest and most majestic palatial residence in existence.

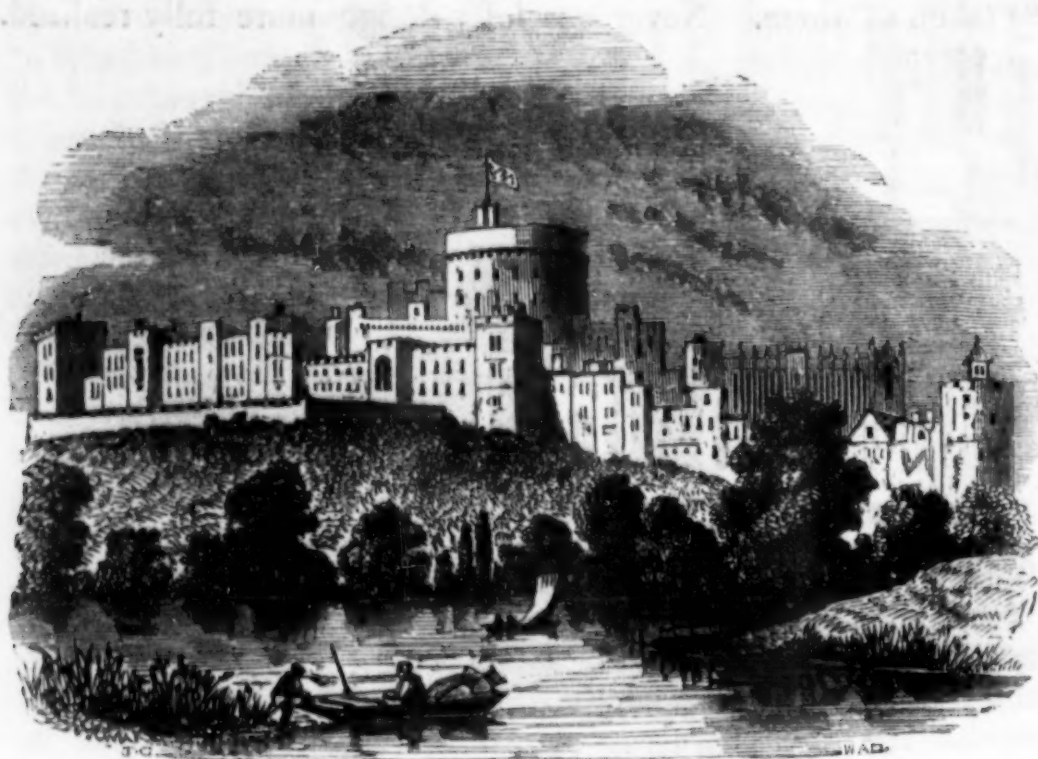
To enter into a full detail of Wyattville's achievements is beyond the scope of the present work; but a brief survey may be taken of them. Never was lofty design more fully realized.



EAST AND NORTH FACADES OF THE CASTLE.

View the castle on the north, with its grand terrace of nearly a thousand feet in length, and high embattled walls; its superb façade, comprehending the stately Brunswick Tower; the Cornwall Tower, with its gorgeous window; George the Fourth's Tower, including the great oriel window of the state drawing-room; the restored Stuart buildings, and those of Henry the Seventh and of Elizabeth; the renovated Norman Tower; the Powder Tower, with the line of walls as far as the Winchester Tower;—view this, and then turn to the east, and behold another front of marvellous beauty extending more than four hundred feet from north to south, and displaying the Prince of Wales's Tower, the Chester, Clarence, and Victoria Towers—all of which have been raised above their former level, and enriched by great projecting windows;—behold also the beautiful sunken garden, with its fountain and orangery, its flights of steps, and charming pentagonal terrace;—proceed to the south front, of which the Victoria Tower, with its machicolated battlements and oriel window, forms so superb a feature at the eastern corner, the magnificent gateway receiving its name from George

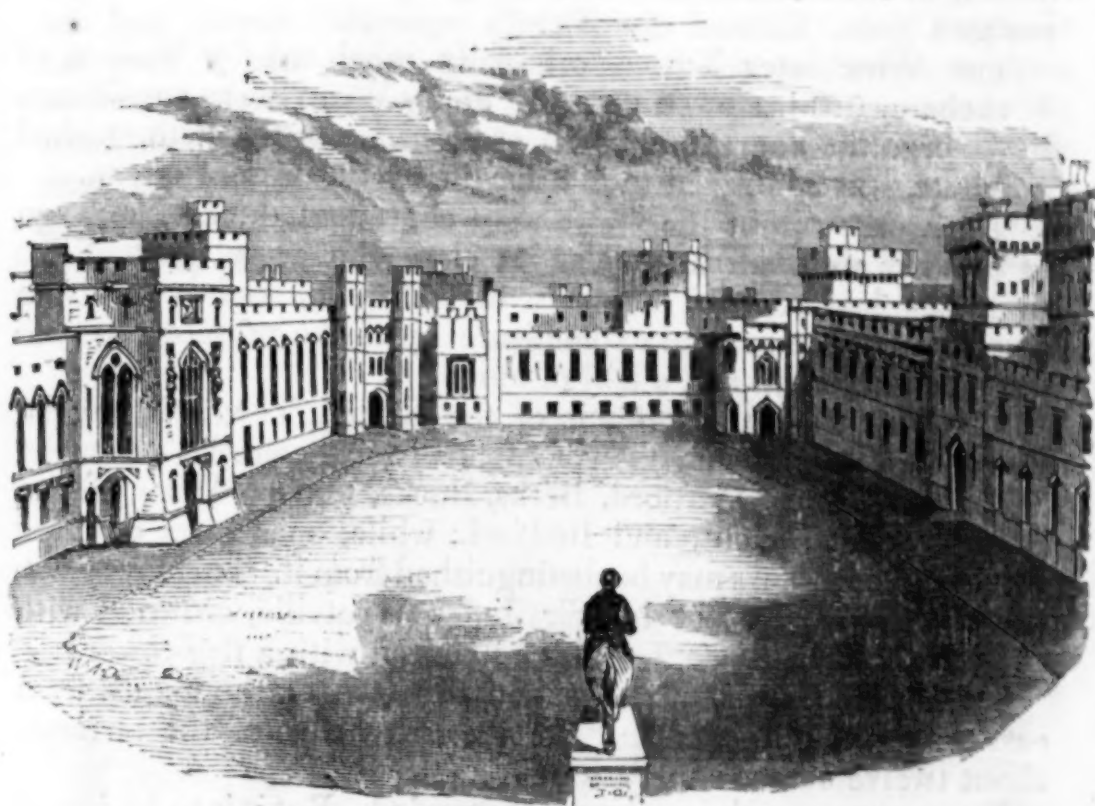
the Fourth, flanked by the York and Lancaster Towers, and opening in a continued line from the Long Walk;—look at Saint George's gate, Edward the Third's renovated tower, and the octagon tower beyond it;—look at all these, and if they fail to excite a due appreciation of the genius that conceived them, gaze at the triumph of the whole, and which lords over all the rest,—the Round Tower,—gaze at it, and not here alone, but from the heights of the Great Park, from the vistas of the Home Park, from the bowers of Eton, the meads of Clewer



THE CASTLE, FROM ETON PLAY-FIELDS.

and Datchet, from the Brocas, the gardens of the naval knights—from a hundred points;—view it at sunrise when the royal standard is hoisted, or at sunset when it is lowered, near or at a distance, and it will be admitted to be the work of a prodigious architect!

But Wyatville's alterations have not yet been fully considered. Pass through Saint George's gateway, and enter the grand quadrangle to which it leads. Let your eye wander round it, beginning with the inner sides of Edward the Third's Tower and George the Fourth's gateway, and proceeding to the beautiful private entrance to the sovereign's apartments, the grand range of windows of the eastern corridor, the proud towers of the gateway to the household, the tall pointed windows of Saint George's Hall, the state entrance tower, with its noble windows, until it finally rests upon the Stuart buildings and King John's Tower at the angle of the pile.



THE UPPER QUADRANGLE.

Internally, the alterations made by the architect have been of corresponding splendour and importance. Around the south and east sides of the court at which you are gazing, a spacious corridor has been constructed, five hundred and fifty feet in length, and connected with the different suites of apartments on these sides of the quadrangle; extensive alterations have been made in the domestic offices; the state apartments have been repaired and re-arranged; Saint George's hall has been enlarged by the addition of the private chapel, (the only questionable change,) and restored to the Gothic style; and the Waterloo chamber built to contain George the Fourth's munificent gift to the nation of the splendid collection of portraits now occupying it.

"The first and most remarkable characteristic of the operations of Sir Jeffry Wyattville on the exterior," observes Mr. Poynter, "is the judgment with which he has preserved the castle of Edward the Third. Some additions have been made to it, and with striking effect—as the Brunswick Tower, and the western tower of George the Fourth's gateway, which so nobly terminates the approach from the Great Park. The more modern buildings on the north side have also been assimilated to the rest; but the architect has yielded to no temptation to substitute his own design for that of William of Wykeham, and no small difficulties

have been combated and overcome for the sake of preserving the outline of the edifice, and maintaining the towers in their original position."

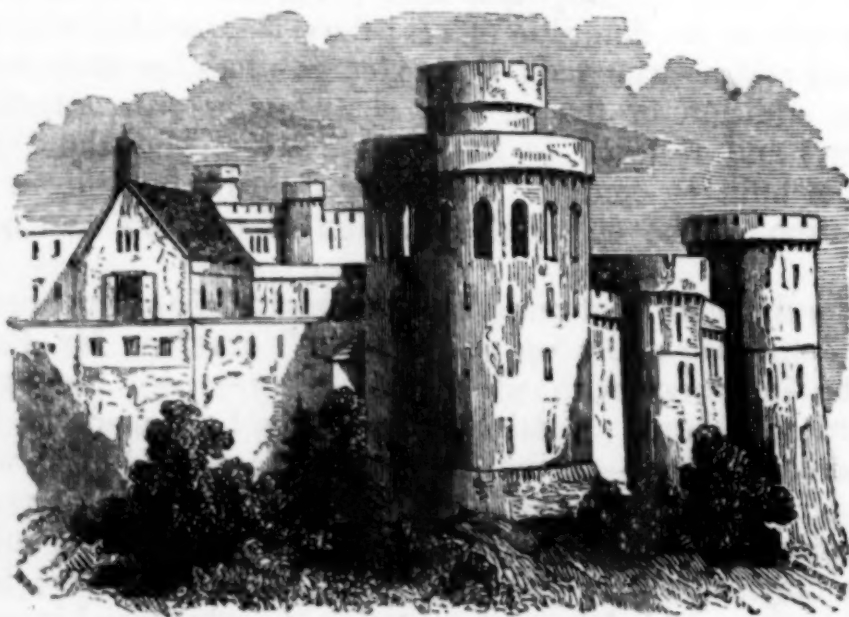
The Winchester Tower, originally inhabited by William of Wykeham, was bestowed upon Sir Jeffry Wyatville as a residence by George the Fourth; and on the resignation of the distinguished architect, was continued to him for life by the present queen.

The works within the castle were continued during the reign of William the Fourth, and at its close the actual cost of the buildings had reached the sum of 771,000*l.*, and it has been asserted that the general expenditure up to the present time has exceeded a million and a half of money.

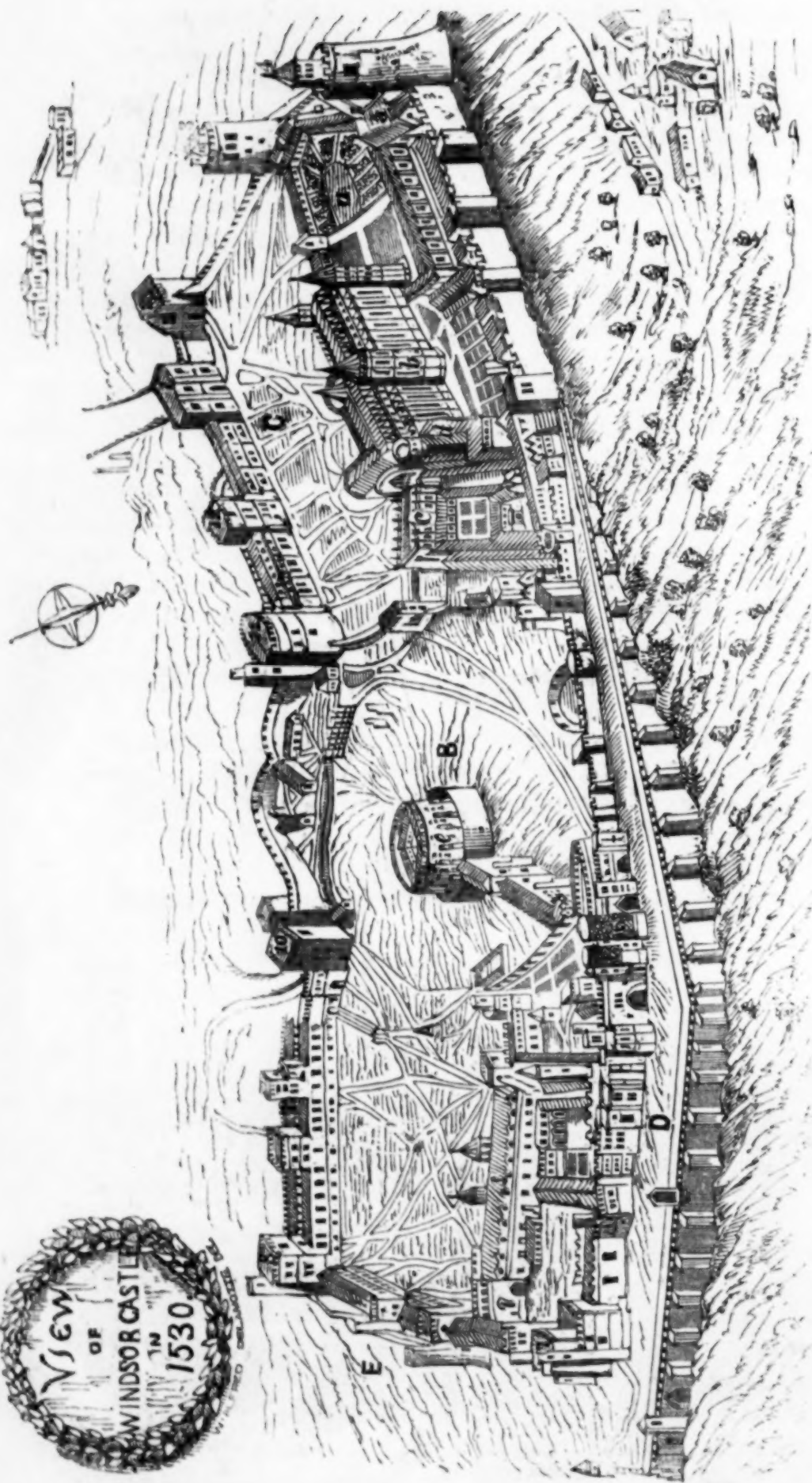
The view from the summit of the Round Tower is beyond description magnificent, and commands twelve counties—namely, Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Berks, Bucks, Oxford, Wilts, Hants, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, and Bedford; while, on a clear day, the dome of Saint Paul's may be distinguished from it. This tower was raised thirty-three feet by Sir Jeffry Wyatville, crowned with a machiolated battlement, and surmounted with a flag-tower.

The circumference of the castle is 4180 feet; the length from east to west, 1480 feet; and the area, exclusive of the terraces, about twelve acres.

For the present the works are suspended. But it is to be hoped that the design of Sir Jeffry Wyatville will be fully carried out in the lower ward, by the removal of such houses on the north as would lay Saint George's chapel open to view from this side; by the demolition of the old incongruous buildings lying westward of the bastion near the hundred steps; by the opening out of the pointed roof of the library; the repair and reconstruction in their original style of the Curfew, the Garter, and the Salisbury Towers;



CURFEW TOWER AND OTHER BUILDINGS AS PROPOSED TO BE ALTERED
BY WYATVILLE.



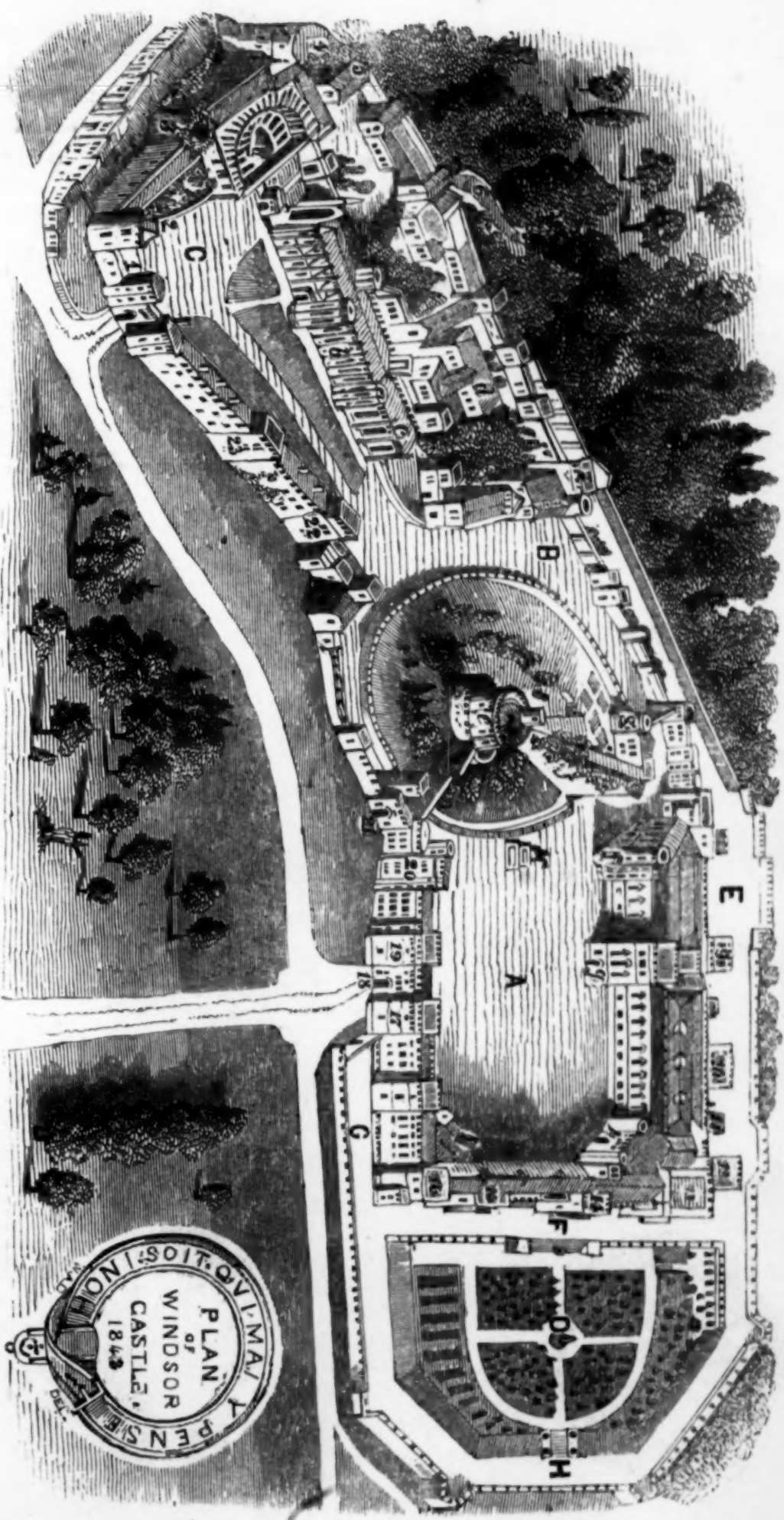
A. Upper Ward.
B. Middle Ward.
C. Lower Ward.
D. North Terrace.
E. Moat.

a. Horse-shoe Cloisters.
b. Saint George's Chapel.
c. Deanery and Cloisters.
d. Wolsey's Tomb House.
e. Round Tower.

f. Saint George's Hall.
1. Henry the Eighth's Gate.
2. Chancellor's, or Salisbury Tower.
3. Garter Tower.

4. Curfew Tower.
5. Winchester Tower.
6. Norman Tower.
7. North-east Tower.
8. Watch Tower.

9. Upper Gateway.
10. Edward the Third's Tower.
11. Henry the Third's Tower.
12. Governor of the Alms-Knights' Tower.



- A. Upper Ward.
- B. Middle Ward.
- C. Lower Ward.
- D. Eastern Garden.
- E. North Terrace.
- F. East Terrace and Steps.
- G. South Terrace.
- H. Garden Terrace.

- a. Horse-shoe Cloisters.
- b. Saint George's Chapel.
- c. Wolsey's Tomb House.
- d. Deanery and Cloisters.
- e. Round Tower.
- f. King John's Tower.
- g. State Entrance Tower.
- h. Kitchen Gateway.

- i. Sovereign's Entrance.
- 1. Henry the Eighth's Gateway.
- 2. Chancellor of Garter's Tower.
- 3. Garter Tower.
- 4. Curlew Tower.
- 5. College Library.
- 6. Hundred Steps.
- 7. Winchester Tower.

- 8. Norman Gateway.
- 9. Henry the Seventh's Building.
- 10. George the Fourth's Tower.
- 11. Cornwall Tower.
- 12. Brunswick Tower.
- 13. Prince of Wales's Tower.
- 14. Chester Tower.
- 15. Clarence Tower.

- 16. Victoria Tower.
- 17. York Tower.
- 18. George the Fourth's Gateway.
- 19. Lancaster Tower.
- 20. Edward the Third's Tower.
- 21. Saint George's Gateway.
- 22. Henry the Third's Tower.
- 23. Governor of the Alms-Knights' Tower.

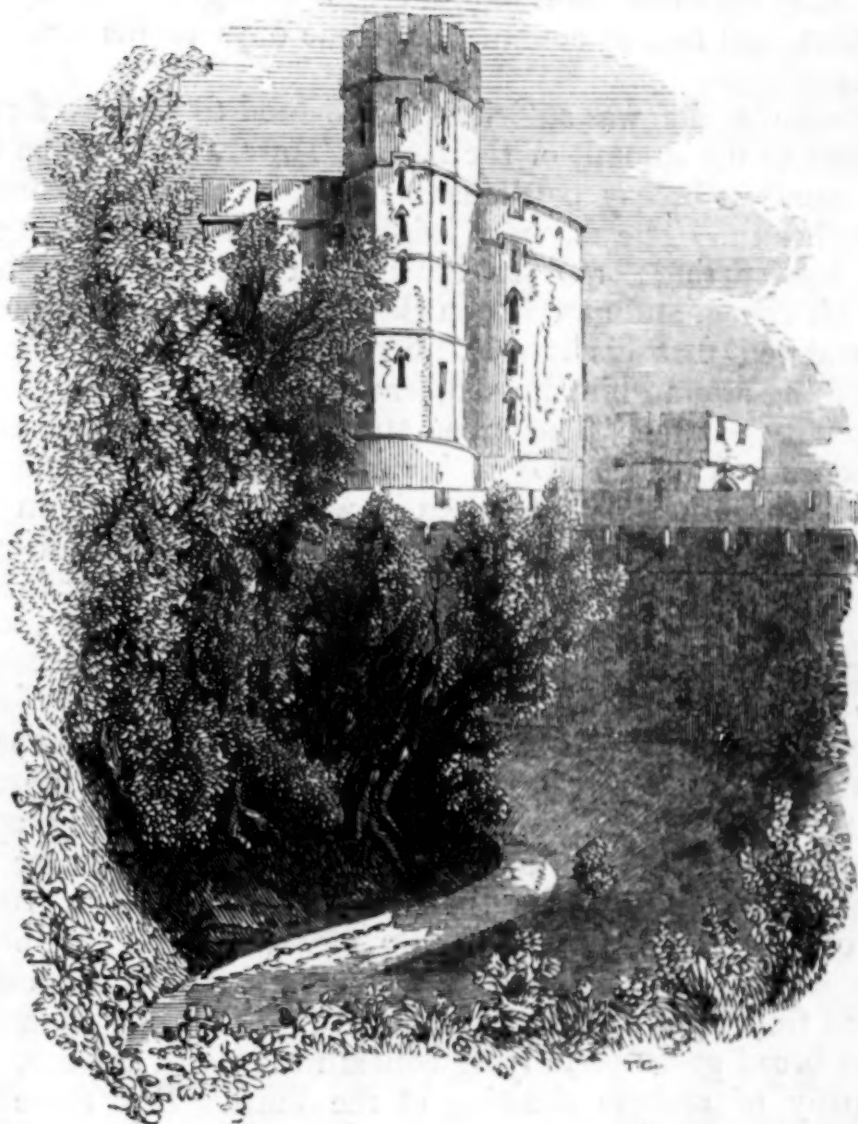


and the erection of a lower terrace extending outside the castle, from the bastion above mentioned to the point of termination of the improvements, and accessible from the town; the construction of which terrace would necessitate the removal of the disfiguring and encroaching houses on the east side of Thames Street. This accomplished, Crane's ugly buildings removed, and the three western towers laid open to the court, the Horse-shoe Cloisters consistently repaired, Windsor Castle would indeed be complete. And fervently do we hope that this desirable event may be identified with the reign of VICTORIA !

Thus ends the Fourth Book of the Chronicle of
Windsor Castle.







MOAT OF THE ROUND TOWER, WITH EDWARD THE THIRD'S TOWER IN THE BACKGROUND.

Book the Fifth.

I.

HOW THE EARL OF SURREY AND THE FAIR GERALDINE MET IN KING JAMES'S BOWER IN THE MOAT; AND HOW THEY WERE SURPRISED BY THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

IN order to preserve unbroken the chain of events with which the third book of this chronicle concluded, it was deemed expedient to disturb the unity of time, so far as it related to some of the less important characters; and it will now be necessary, therefore, to return to the middle of June, when the Earl of Surrey's term of captivity was drawing to a close.

As the best means of conquering the anxiety produced by the vision exhibited to him by Herne, increased as it was by the loss of the relic he had sustained at the same time, the earl had devoted himself to incessant study, and for a whole month, he remained within his chamber. The consequence of his unremitting application was, that though he succeeded in his design, and completely regained his tranquillity, his strength gave way under the effort, and he was confined for some days to his couch by a low fever.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to venture forth, he mounted to the summit of the Round Tower, in the hope that a walk round its breezy battlements might conduce to his restoration to health. The day was bright and beautiful, and a gentle wind was stirring; and as Surrey felt the breath of heaven upon his cheek, and gazed upon the glorious prospect before him, he wondered that his imprisonment had not driven him mad. Everything around him, indeed, was calculated to make the sense of captivity painful. The broad and beautiful meads, stretching out beneath him, seemed to invite a ramble over them,—the silver river courted a plunge into its waves—the woods an hour's retirement into their shady recesses. The bells of Eton-college rang out merrily, but their sound saddened, rather than elated him. The road between Eton and Windsor, then marked by straggling cottages with gardens between them, with here and there a dwelling of a better kind, was thronged with herds of cattle and their drivers, for a fair was held that day in the town of Windsor, to which they were hastening. Then there were country maidens and youthful hinds in their holiday apparel, trooping towards the bridge. Booths were erected, near which in the Brocas meads, the rustic sports of wrestling, running, and casting the bar, were going forward; while numbers of boats shot to and fro upon the river, and strains of music proceeded from a large gilt barge moored to its banks. Nearer, and in the broad green plain lying beneath the north terrace, were a company of archers shooting at the butts. But these sights instead of affording pleasure to Surrey, only sharpened the anguish of his feelings by the contrast they offered to his present position.

To distract his thoughts, he quitted the near view, and let his eye run along the edge of the horizon, until it rested upon a small speck, which he knew to be the lofty spire of Saint Paul's cathedral. If, as he supposed, the fair Geraldine was in attendance upon Anne Boleyn, at the palace at Bridewell, she must be under the very shadow of this very spire; and the supposition, whether correct or not, produced such quick and stifling emotions, that the tears rushed to his eyes.

Ashamed of his weakness, he turned to the other side of the tower, and bent his gaze upon the woody heights of the Great Park. These recalled Herne the Hunter; and burning with re-

sentment at the tricks practised upon him by the demon, he determined that the first use he would make of his liberty should be to seek out, and, if possible, effect the capture of the mysterious being. Some of the strange encounters between Herne and the king had been related to him by the officer in guard at the Norman Tower; but these only served as stimulants to the adventure. After a couple of hours thus passed on the keep, he descended, refreshed and invigorated. The next day he was there again, and the day after that; when feeling that his restoration was well-nigh complete, he requested permission to pass the following evening in the dry moat of the donjon. And this was readily accorded him.

Covered with green sod, and shaded by many tall trees, growing out of the side of the artificial mound on which the keep was built, the fosse offered all the advantages of a garden to the prisoners who were allowed to take exercise within it. Here, as has been mentioned, King James the First of Scotland first beheld, from the battlements above, the lovely Jane Beaufort take her solitary walk, and by his looks and gestures contrived to make her sensible of the passion with which she inspired him; and here at last, in an arbour which, for the sake of the old and delightful legend connected with it, was kept up at the time of this chronicle, and then bore the name of the royal poet, they had secretly met, and interchanged their vows of affection.

Familiar with the story, familiar also with the poetic strains to which the monarch's passion gave birth, Surrey could not help comparing his own fate with that of the illustrious captive who had visited the spot before him. Full of such thoughts, he pensively tracked the narrow path winding between the grassy banks of the fosse—now casting up his eyes to the keep—now looking towards the arbour, and wishing that he had been favoured with such visitings as lightened the captivity of the Scottish king. At last, he sought the bower—a charming little nest of green leaves and roses, sheltering a bench which seemed only contrived for lovers—and taking out his tablets, began to trace within them some stanzas of that exquisite poem which has linked his name for ever with the Round Tower. Thus occupied, the time stole on insensibly, and he was not aware that he had overstayed the limits allowed him, till he was roused by the voice of the officer, who came to summon him back to his prison.

"You will be removed to your old lodging in the Round Tower to-morrow night, my lord," said the officer.

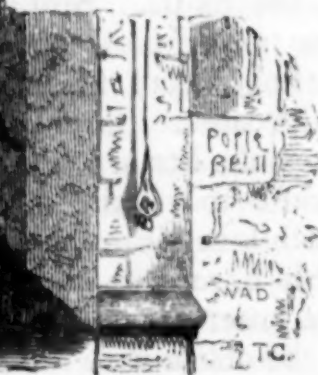
"For what reason?" demanded the earl, as he followed his conductor up the steep side of the mound. But receiving no reply, he did not renew the inquiry.

Entering a door in the covered way at the head of the

flight of steps communicating with the Norman Tower, they descended them in silence. Just as they reached the



foot of this long staircase, the earl chanced to cast back his eyes, and, to his inexpressible astonishment, perceived on the landing at the head of the steps, and just before the piece of ordnance commanding the ascent, the figure of Herne the hunter.



STAIRCASE TO THE ROUND TOWER.

Before he could utter an exclamation, the figure retreated through the adjoining archway. Telling the officer what he had seen, Surrey would fain have gone in quest of the fiendish spy; but the other would not permit him; and affecting to treat the matter as a mere creation of fancy, he hurried the earl to his chamber in the Curfew Tower.

The next day, Surrey was removed betimes to the Round Tower, and the cause of the transfer was soon explained by the discharge of ordnance, the braying of trumpets, and the rolling of drums, announcing the arrival of the king. From the mystery observed towards him, Surrey was led to the conclusion that the fair Geraldine accompanied the royal party; but he in vain sought to satisfy himself of the truth of the surmise by examining through the deep embrasure of his window, the cavalcade that soon afterwards entered the upper quadrangle. Amid the throng of beautiful dames surrounding Anne Boleyn he could not be certain that he detected the fair Geraldine; but he readily distinguished the Duke of Richmond among the nobles, and the sight awakened a pang of bitter jealousy in his breast.

The day wore away slowly, for he could not fix his attention upon his books, neither was he allowed to go forth upon the battlements of the tower. In the evening, however, the officer

informed him he might take exercise within the dry moat if he was so inclined, and he gladly availed himself of the permission.

After pacing to and fro along the walk for a short time, he entered the arbour, and was about to throw himself upon the bench, when he observed a slip of paper lying upon it. He took it up, and found a few lines traced upon it in hurried characters. They ran thus:—

“The fair Geraldine arrived this morning in the castle. If the Earl of Surrey desires to meet her, he will find her within this arbour at midnight.”

This billet was read and re-read by the young earl with feelings of indescribable transport; but a little reflection damped his ardour, and made him fear it might be a device to ensnare him. There was no certainty that the note proceeded in any way from the fair Geraldine, nor could he even be sure that she was in the castle. Still, despite these misgivings, the attraction was too powerful to be resisted, and he turned over the means of getting out of his chamber, but the scheme seemed wholly impracticable. The window was at a considerable height above the ramparts of the keep, and even if he could reach them, and escape the notice of the sentinels, he should have to make a second descent into the fosse. And supposing all this accomplished, how was he to return? The impossibility of answering this latter mental interrogation compelled him to give up all idea of the attempt.

On returning to his prison-chamber, he stationed himself at the embrasure overlooking the ramparts, and listened to the regular tread of the sentinel below, half resolved, be the consequences what they might, to descend. As the appointed time approached, his anxiety became almost intolerable, and quitting the window, he began to pace hurriedly to and fro within the chamber, which, as has been previously observed, partook of the circular form of the keep, and was supported in certain places by great wooden pillars and cross beams. But instead of dissipating his agitation, his rapid movements seemed rather to increase it, and at last, wrought to a pitch of uncontrollable excitement, he cried aloud—“If the fiend were to present himself now, and to offer to lead me to her, I would follow him.”

Scarcely were the words uttered than a hollow laugh broke from the further end of the chamber, and a deep voice exclaimed—“I am ready to take you to her.”

“I need not ask who addresses me,” said Surrey, after a pause, and straining his eyes to distinguish the figure of the speaker in the gloom.

“I will tell you who I am,” rejoined the other. “I am he who visited you once before—who shewed you a vision of the fair Geraldine,—and carried off your vaunted relic,—ho! ho!”

“Avoid thee, false fiend!” rejoined Surrey, “thou temptest me now in vain.”

"You have summoned me," returned Herne; "and I will not be dismissed. I am ready to convey you to your mistress, who awaits you in King James's bower, and marvels at your tardiness."

"And with what design dost thou offer me this service?" demanded Surrey.

"It will be time enough to put that question when I make any condition," replied Herne. "Enough, I am willing to aid you. Will you go?"

"Lead on!" replied Surrey, marching towards him.

Suddenly, Herne drew a lantern from beneath the cloak in which he was wrapped, and threw its light on a trap-door lying open at his feet.

"Descend!" he cried.

Surrey hesitated a moment, and then plunged down the steps. In another instant, the demon followed. Some hidden machinery was then set in motion, and the trap-door returned to its place. At length, Surrey arrived at a narrow passage, which appeared to correspond in form with the bulwarks of the keep. Here Herne passed him, and taking the lead, hurried along the gallery and descended another flight of steps, which brought them to a large vault, apparently built in the foundation of the tower. Before the earl had time to gaze round this chamber, the demon masked the lantern, and taking his hand, drew him through a narrow passage terminated by a small iron door, which flew open at a touch, and they emerged among the bushes clothing the side of the mound.

"You can now proceed without my aid," said Herne; "but take care not to expose yourself to the sentinels."

Keeping under the shade of the trees, for the moon was shining brightly, Surrey hastened towards the harbour, and as he entered it, to his inexpressible delight found that he had not been deceived, but that the fair Geraldine was indeed there.

"How did you contrive this meeting?" she cried, after their first greetings had passed. "And how did you learn I was in the castle, for the strictest instructions were given that the tidings should not reach you."

The only response made by Surrey was to press her lily hand devotedly to his lips.

"I should not have ventured hither," pursued the fair Geraldine, "unless you had sent me the relic as a token. I knew you would never part with it, and I therefore felt sure there was no deception."

"But how did you get here?" inquired Surrey.

"Your messenger provided a rope-ladder, by which I descended in the moat," she replied.

Surrey was stupified.

"You seem astonished at my resolution," she continued; "and, indeed, I am surprised at it myself; but I could not overcome my desire to see you, especially as this meeting may be our last. The king, through the Lady Anne Boleyn, has

positively enjoined me to think no more of you, and has given your father, the Duke of Norfolk, to understand that your marriage without the royal assent will be attended by the loss of all the favour he now enjoys."

"And think you I will submit to such tyranny?" cried Surrey.

"Alas!" replied the fair Geraldine, in a mournful tone, "I feel we shall never be united. This conviction, which has lately forced itself upon my mind, has not made me love you less, though it has in some degree altered my feelings towards you."

"But I may be able to move the king," cried Surrey. "I have some claim besides that of kindred on the Lady Anne Boleyn—and she will obtain his consent."

"Do not trust to her," replied the fair Geraldine. "You may have rendered her an important service, but be not too sure of a return. No, Surrey, I here release you from the troth you plighted to me in the cloisters."

"I will not be released from it!" cried the earl, hastily; "neither will I release you. I hold the pledge as sacred and as binding as if we had been affianced together before Heaven."

"For your own sake, do not say so, my dear lord," rejoined the fair Geraldine; "beseech you, do not. That your heart is bound to me now, I well believe—and that you could become inconstant I will not permit myself to suppose. But your youth forbids an union between us for many years—and if during that time you should behold some fairer face than mine—or should meet some heart you may conceive more loving,—though that can hardly be,—I would not have a hasty vow restrain you. Be free, then—free at least for three years—and if at the end of that time your affections are still unchanged, I am willing you should bind yourself to me for ever."

"I cannot act with equal generosity to you," rejoined Surrey, in a tone of deep disappointment. "I would sooner part with life than relinquish the pledge I have received from you. But I am content that my constancy should be put to the test you propose. During the long term of my probation, I will shrink from no trial of faith. Throughout Europe I will proclaim your beauty in the lists, and will maintain its supremacy against all comers. But, oh! sweet Geraldine, since we have met in this spot, hallowed by the loves of James of Scotland and Jane Beaufort, let us here renew our vows of eternal constancy, and agree to meet again at the time you have appointed, with hearts as warm and loving as those we bring together now."

And as he spoke he drew her towards him and imprinted a passionate kiss on her lips.

"Let that ratify the pledge," he said.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed a deep voice, without.

"What was that?" demanded the fair Geraldine, in a tone of alarm.

"You have the relic, have you not?" inquired the earl, in a low tone.

"No," she replied, "your messenger merely shewed it to me. But why do you ask? Ah! I understand. The fiendish laughter that just now sounded in my ears proceeded from ——"

"Herne the Hunter," replied Surrey, in a whisper. "But fear nothing. I will defend you with my life. Ah! accursed chance! I have no weapon."

"None would avail against him," murmured the fair Geraldine. "Lead me forth, I shall die if I stay here."

Supporting her in his arms, Surrey complied, but they had scarcely gained the entrance of the arbour, when a tall figure stood before them. It was the Duke of Richmond. A gleam of moonlight penetrating through the leaves, fell upon the group, and rendered them distinctly visible to each other.

"Soh!" exclaimed the duke, after regarding the pair in silence for a moment, "I have not been misinformed. You have contrived a meeting here."

"Richmond!" said Surrey, sternly, "we once were dear and loving friends, and we are still honourable foes. I know that I am safe with you. I know you will breathe no word about this meeting, either to the fair Geraldine's prejudice or mine."

"You judge me rightly, my lord," replied the duke, in a tone of equal sternness. "I have no thought of betraying you; though, by a word to my royal father, I could prevent all chance of future rivalry on your part. I shall, however, demand a strict account from you on your liberation."

"Your grace acts as beseems a loyal gentleman," replied Surrey. "Hereafter I will not fail to account to you for my conduct in any way you please."

"Oh! let me interpose between you, my lords," cried the fair Geraldine, "to prevent the disastrous consequences of this quarrel. I have already told your grace I cannot love you—and that my heart is devoted to the Earl of Surrey. Let me appeal to your noble nature—to your generosity—not to persist in a hopeless suit."

"You have conquered, madam," said the duke, after a pause. "I have been to blame in this matter. But I will make amends for my error. Surrey, I relinquish her to you."

"My friend!" exclaimed the earl, casting himself into the duke's arms.

"I will now endeavour to heal the wounds I have unwittingly occasioned," said the fair Geraldine. "I am surprised your grace should be insensible to attractions so far superior to mine as those of the Lady Mary Howard."

"The Lady Mary is very beautiful, I confess," said the duke; "and if you had not been in the way, I should assuredly have been her captive."

"I ought not to betray the secret, perhaps," hesitated the fair Geraldine, "but gratitude prompts me to do so. The lady is not so blind to your grace's merits as I have been."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the duke. "If it be so, Surrey, we may yet be brothers as well as friends."

"And that it is so I can avouch, Richmond," rejoined the earl, "for I am in my sister's secret as well as the fair Geraldine. But now that this explanation has taken place, I must entreat your grace to conduct the fair Geraldine back to her lodgings, while I regain, the best way I can, my chamber in the Round Tower."

"I marvel how you escaped from it," said Richmond; "but I suppose it was by the connivance of the officer."

"He who set me free—who brought the fair Geraldine hither—and who, I suspect, acquainted you with our meeting, was no other than Herne the Hunter," replied Surrey.

"You amaze me!" exclaimed the duke; "it was indeed a tall dark man, muffled in a cloak, who informed me that you were to meet at midnight in King James's bower in the moat, and I therefore came to surprise you."

"Your informant was Herne," replied Surrey.

"Right!" exclaimed the demon, stepping from behind a tree, where he had hitherto remained concealed; "it was I,—I, Herne the Hunter. And I contrived the meeting in anticipation of a far different result from that which has ensued. But I now tell you, my lord of Surrey, that it is idle to indulge a passion for the fair Geraldine. You will never wed her."

"False fiend, thou liest!" cried Surrey.

"Time will shew," replied Herne. "I repeat, you will wed another—and more I tell you, you are blinder than Richmond has shewn himself,—for the most illustrious damsel in the kingdom has regarded you with eyes of affection, and yet you have not perceived it."

"The Princess Mary?" demanded Richmond.

"Ay, the Princess Mary," repeated Herne. "How say you now, my lord?—will you let ambition usurp the place of love?"

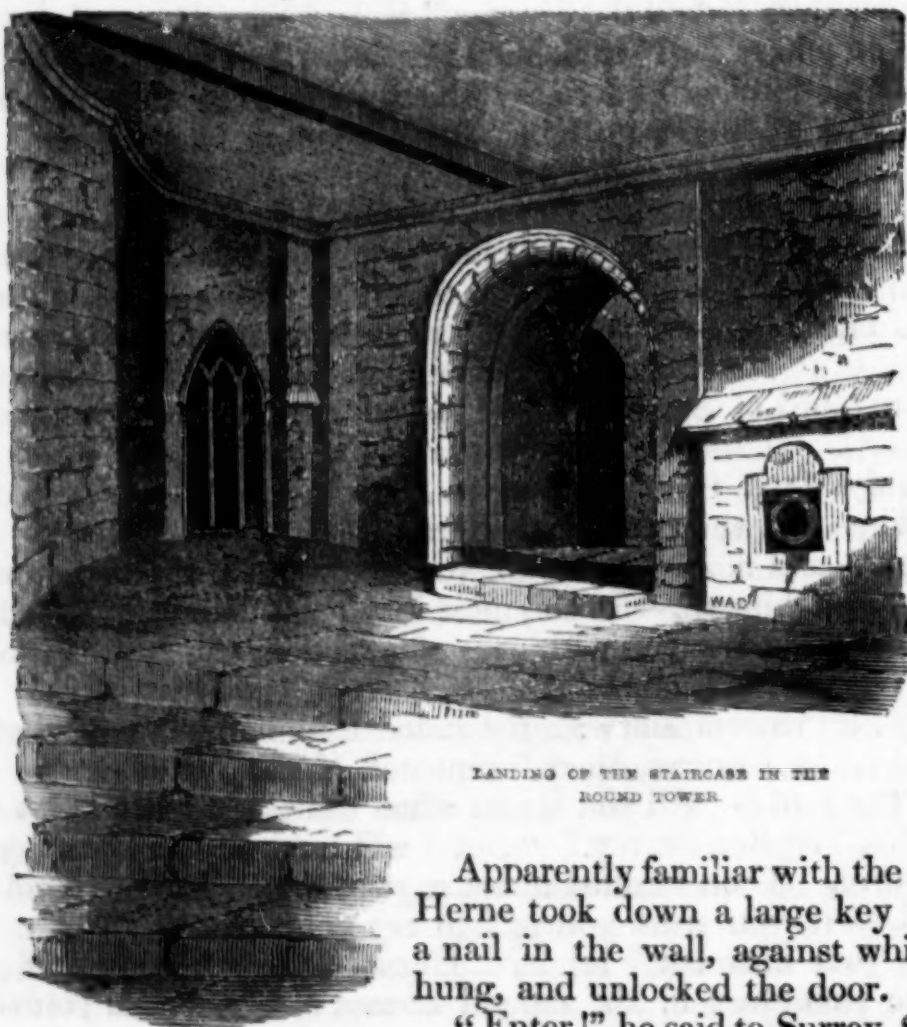
"No," replied Surrey. "But I will hold no further converse with thee. Thou wouldst tempt to perdition. Hence, fiend!"

"Unless you trust yourself to my guidance you will never reach your chamber," rejoined Herne, with a mocking laugh. "The iron door in the mound cannot be opened on this side, and you well know what the consequence of a discovery will be. Come, or I leave you to your fate." And he moved down the path on the right.

"Go with him, Surrey," cried Richmond.

Pressing the fair Geraldine to his breast, the Earl committed her to the charge of his friend, and tearing himself away, followed the steps of the demon. He had not proceeded far when he heard his name pronounced by a voice issuing from the tree above him. Looking up, he beheld Herne in one of the topmost branches, and at a sign, instantly climbed up to him. The thick foliage screened them from observation, and Surrey con-

cluded his guide was awaiting the disappearance of the sentinel, who was at that moment approaching the tree. But such apparently was not the other's intentions; for the man had scarcely passed than Herne sprang upon the ramparts, and the poor fellow turning at the sound, was scared almost out of his senses at the sight of the dreaded fiend. Dropping his halbert, he fell upon his face with a stifled cry. Herne then motioned Surrey to descend, and they marched together quickly to a low door opening into the keep. Passing through it, and ascending a flight of steps, they stood upon the landing at the top of the staircase communicating with the Norman tower, and adjoining the entrance to Surrey's chamber.



LANDING OF THE STAIRCASE IN THE
ROUND TOWER.

Apparently familiar with the spot, Herne took down a large key from a nail in the wall, against which it hung, and unlocked the door.

"Enter!" he said to Surrey, "and do not forget the debt you owe to Herne the Hunter."

And as the Earl stepped into the chamber, the door was locked behind him.

II.

HOW SIR THOMAS WYAT FOUND MABEL IN THE SANDSTONE CAVE;—
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THERE.

A WEEK after the foregoing occurrence, the Earl of Surrey was set free. But his joy at regaining his liberty was damped by

learning that the fair Geraldine had departed for Ireland. She had left the tenderest messages for him with his sister, the Lady Mary Howard, accompanied with assurances of unalterable attachment.

But other changes had taken place, which were calculated to afford him some consolation. Ever since the night on which he had been told that the Lady Mary was not indifferent to him, Richmond had devoted himself entirely to her; and matters had already proceeded so far, that he had asked her in marriage of the Duke of Norfolk, who, after ascertaining the king's pleasure on the subject, had gladly given his consent, and the youthful pair were affianced to each other. Surrey and Richmond now became closer friends than ever; and if, amid the thousand distractions of Henry's gay and festive court, the young earl did not forget the fair Geraldine, he did not, at least, find the time hang heavily on his hands.

About a week after Wolsey's dismissal, while the court was still sojourning at Windsor, Surrey proposed to Richmond, to ride one morning with him in the Great Park. The duke willingly assented, and mounting their steeds, they galloped towards Snow Hill, wholly unattended. While mounting this charming ascent at a more leisurely pace, the earl said to his companion—"I will now tell you why I proposed this ride to you, Richmond. I have long determined to follow up the adventure of Herne the Hunter, and I wish to confer with you about it, and ascertain whether you are disposed to join me."

"I know not what to say, Surrey," replied the duke, gravely, and speaking in a low tone; "the king, my father, failed in his endeavours to expel the demon, who still lords it in the forest."

"The greater glory to us if we succeed," said Surrey.

"I will take counsel with the Lady Mary on the subject before I give an answer," rejoined Richmond.

"Then there is little doubt what your grace's decision will be," laughed Surrey. "To speak truth, it was the fear of your consulting her that made me bring you here. What say you to a ride in the forest to-morrow night?"

"I have little fancy for it," replied Richmond; "and if you will be ruled by me, you will not attempt the enterprise yourself."

"My resolution is taken," said the earl; "but now, since we have reached the brow of the hill, let us push forward to the lake."

A rapid ride of some twenty minutes brought them to the edge of the lake, and they proceeded along the verdant path leading to the forester's hut. On arriving at the dwelling, it appeared wholly deserted, but they nevertheless dismounted, and tying their horses to the trees at the back of the cottage, entered it. While they were examining the lower room, the plash of oars reached their ears, and rushing to the window, they descried the skiff rapidly approaching the shore. A man

was seated within it, whose attire, though sombre, seemed to proclaim him of some rank, but as his back was towards them, they could not discern his features. In another instant, the skiff touched the strand, and the rower leaping ashore, proved to be Sir Thomas Wyat. On making this discovery they both ran out to him, and the warmest greetings passed between them. When these were over, Surrey expressed his surprise to Wyat at seeing him there, declaring he was wholly unaware of his return from the court of France.

"I came back about a month ago," said Wyat. "His majesty supposes me at Allington; nor shall I return to court without a summons."

"I am not sorry to hear it," said Surrey; "but what are you doing here?"

"My errand is a strange and adventurous one," replied Wyat. "You may have heard that before I departed for France I passed some days in the forest in company with Herne the Hunter. What then happened to me I may not disclose; but I have vowed never to rest till I have freed this forest from the weird being who troubles it."

"Say you so!" cried Surrey; "then you are most fortunately encountered, Sir Thomas, for I myself, as Richmond will tell you, am equally bent upon the fiend's expulsion. We will be companions in the adventure."

"We will speak of that anon," replied Wyat. "I was sorry to find this cottage uninhabited, and the fair damsel who dwelt within it, when I beheld it last, gone. What has become of her?"

"It is a strange story," said Richmond. And he proceeded to relate all that was known to have befallen Mabel.

Wyat listened with profound attention to the recital, and at its close, said—"I think I can find a clue to this mystery, but to obtain it I must go alone. Meet me here at midnight to-morrow, and I doubt not we shall be able to accomplish our design."

"May I not ask for some explanation of your scheme?" said Surrey.

"Not yet," rejoined Wyat. "But I will freely confess to you that there is much danger in the enterprise—danger that I would not willingly any one should share with me, especially you, Surrey, to whom I owe so much. If you do not find me here, therefore, to-morrow night, conclude that I have perished, or am captive."

"Well, be it as you will, Wyat," said Surrey; "but I would gladly accompany you, and share your danger."

"I know it, and I thank you," returned Wyat, warmly grasping the other's hand; "but much—nay, all may remain to be done to-morrow night. You had better bring some force with you, for we may need it."

"I will bring half a dozen stout archers," replied Surrey—

"and if you come not, depend upon it, I will either release you or avenge you."

"I did not intend to prosecute this adventure further," said Richmond; "but since you are both resolved to embark in it, I will not desert you."

Soon after this, the friends separated,—Surrey and Richmond taking horse and returning to the castle, discoursing on the unlooked-for meeting with Wyat, while the latter again entered the skiff, and rowed down the lake. As soon as the hut was clear, two persons descended the steps of a ladder leading to a sort of loft in the roof, and sprang upon the floor of the hut.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the foremost, whose antlered helm and wild garb proclaimed him to be Herne, "they little dreamed who were the hearers of their conference. So they think to take me, Fenwolf—ha!"

"They know not whom they have to deal with," rejoined the latter.

"They *should* do so by this time," said Herne; "but I will tell thee why Sir Thomas Wyat has undertaken this enterprise. It is not to capture me, though that may be one object that moves him. But he wishes to see Mabel Lyndwood. The momentary glimpse he caught of her bright eyes was sufficient to inflame him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fenwolf; "think you so?"

"I am assured of it," replied Herne. "He knows the secret of the cave, and will find her there."

"But he will never return to tell what he has seen," said Fenwolf, moodily.

"I know not that," replied Herne. "I have my own views respecting him. I want to renew my band."

"He will never join you," rejoined Fenwolf.

"What if I offer him Mabel as a bait?" said Herne.

"You will not do so, dread master?" rejoined Fenwolf, trembling and turning pale. "She belongs to me."

"To thee, fool!" cried Herne, with a derisive laugh. "Thinkest thou I would resign such a treasure to thee? No, no. But rest easy, I will not give her to Wyat."

"You mean her for yourself, then?" said Fenwolf.

"Darest thou to question me!" cried Herne, striking him with the hand armed with the iron gyves. "This to teach thee respect!"

"And this to prove whether thou art mortal or not!" rejoined Fenwolf, plucking his hunting-knife from his belt, and striking it with all his force, against the other's breast.

But though surely and forcibly dealt, the blow glanced off as if the demon were cased in steel, and the intended assassin fell back in amazement, while an unearthly laugh rang in his ears. Never had Fenwolf seen Herne wear so formidable a look as

he at that moment assumed. His giant frame dilated; his eyes flashed fire; and the expression of his countenance was so fearful that Fenwolf shielded his eyes with his hands.

"Ah! miserable dog!" thundered Herne; "dost thou think I am to be hurt by mortal hands, or mortal weapons? Thy former experience should have taught thee differently. But since thou hast provoked it, take thy fate."

Uttering these words, he seized Fenwolf by the throat, clutching him with a terrific gripe, and in a few seconds the miserable wretch would have paid the penalty of his rashness, if a person had not at the moment appeared at the doorway. Flinging his prey hastily backwards, Herne turned at the interruption, and perceived old Tristram Lyndwood, who looked appalled at what he beheld.

"Ah! it is thou, Tristram," cried Herne; "thou art just in time to witness the punishment of this rebellious hound."

"Spare him, dread master!—oh, spare him!" cried Tristram, imploringly.

"Well," said Herne, gazing at the half-strangled caitiff, "he may live. He will not offend again. But why hast thou ventured from thy hiding-place, Tristram?"

"I came to inform you that I have just observed a person row across the lake in the skiff," replied the old man. "He appears to be taking the direction of the secret entrance to the cave."

"It is Sir Thomas Wyat," replied Herne; "I am aware of his proceedings. Stay with Fenwolf till he is able to move, and then proceed with him to the cave. But mark me, no violence must be done to Wyat if you find him there. Any neglect of my orders in this respect will be followed by severe punishment. I shall be at the cave ere long; but, meanwhile, I have other business to transact."

And quitting the hut, he plunged into the wood.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Wyat having crossed the lake, landed, and fastened the skiff to a tree, struck into the wood, and presently reached the open space in which lay the secret entrance to the cave. He was not long in finding the stone, though it was so artfully concealed by the brushwood that it would have escaped any uninstructed eye, and removing it, the narrow entrance to the cave was revealed.

Committing himself to the protection of Heaven, Wyat entered, and having taken the precaution of drawing the stone after him, which was easily accomplished by a handle fixed to the inner side of it, he commenced the descent. At first, he had to creep along, but the passage gradually got higher, until at length, on reaching the level ground, he was able to stand upright. There was no light to guide him, but by feeling against the sides of the passage, he found that he was in the long gallery he had formerly threaded. Uncertain which way to turn, he

determined to trust to chance for taking the right direction, and drawing his sword proceeded slowly to the right.

For some time, he encountered no obstacle, neither could he detect the slightest sound, but he perceived that the atmosphere grew damp, and that the sides of the passage were covered with moisture. Thus warned, he proceeded with greater caution—and presently found, after emerging into a more open space, and striking off on the left, that he had arrived at the edge of the pool of water which he knew lay at the end of the large cavern.

While considering how he should next proceed, a faint gleam of light became visible at the upper end of the vault. Changing his position, for the pillars prevented him from seeing the source of the glimmer, he discovered that it issued from a lamp borne by a female hand, who he had no doubt was Mabel. On making this discovery, he sprang forwards, and called to her, but instantly repented his rashness, for as he uttered the cry the light was extinguished.

Wyat was now completely at a loss how to proceed. He was satisfied that Mabel was in the vault; but in what way to guide himself to her retreat, he could not tell; and it was evident she herself would not assist him. Persuaded, however, if he could but make himself known, he should no longer be shunned, he entered one of the lateral passages, and ever and anon, as he proceeded, repeated Mabel's name in a low soft tone. The stratagem was successful. Presently, he heard a light footstep approaching him, and a gentle voice inquired—

“Who calls me?”

“A friend,” replied Wyat.

“Your name?” she demanded.

“You will not know me if I declare myself, Mabel,” he replied; “but I am called Sir Thomas Wyat.”

“The name is well known to me,” she replied, in trembling tones; “and I have seen you once—at my grandfather's cottage. But why have you come here?—Do you know where you are?”

“I know that I am in the cave of Herne the hunter,” replied Wyat; “and one of my motives for seeking it was to set you free. But there is nothing to prevent your flight now.”

“Alas! there is,” she replied. “I am chained here by bonds I cannot break. Herne has declared that any attempt at escape on my part shall be followed by the death of my grandsire. And he does not threaten idly, as no doubt you know. Besides, the most terrible vengeance would fall on my own head. No,—I cannot—dare not fly. But let us not talk in the dark. Come with me to procure a light. Give me your hand, and I will lead you to my cell.”

Taking the small, trembling hand offered him, Wyat followed his conductress down the passage. A few steps brought them to a door, which she pushed aside and disclosed a small chamber, hewn out of the rock, in a recess of which a lamp was burning. Lighting

the other lamp which she had recently extinguished she placed it on a rude table.

"Have you been long a prisoner here?" asked Wyat, fixing his regards upon her countenance, which, though it had lost somewhat of its bloom, had gained much in interest and beauty.

"For three months, I suppose," she replied; "but I am not able to calculate the lapse of time. It has seemed very,—very long. Oh that I could behold the sun again, and breathe the fresh, pure air!"

"Come with me, and you shall do so," rejoined Wyat.

"I have told you I cannot fly," she answered. "I cannot sacrifice my grandsire."

"But if he is leagued with this demon he deserves the worst fate that can befall him," said Wyat. "You should think only of your own safety. What can be the motive of your detention?"

"I tremble to think it," she replied; "but I fear that Herne has conceived a passion for me."

"Then indeed you must fly," cried Wyat; "such unhallowed love will lead to perdition of soul and body."

"Oh that there was any hope for me!" she ejaculated.

"There is hope," replied Wyat. "I will protect you—will care for you—will love you."

"Love me!" exclaimed Mabel, a deep blush overspreading her pale features. "You love another."

"Absence has enabled me to overcome the vehemence of my passion," replied Wyat, "and I feel that my heart is susceptible of new emotions. But you, maiden," he added, coldly, "you were captivated by the admiration of the king."

"My love, like your's, is past," she answered, with a faint smile; "but if I were out of Herne's power I feel that I could love again, and far more deeply than I loved before—for that, in fact, was rather the result of vanity than of real regard."

"Mabel," said Wyat, taking her hand, and gazing into her eyes, "if I set you free, will you love me?"

"I love you already," she replied; "but if that could be, my whole life should be devoted to you.—Ha!" she exclaimed, with a sudden change of tone, "footsteps are approaching; it is Fenwolf. Hide yourself within that recess."

Though doubting the prudence of the course, Wyat yielded to her terrified and imploring looks, and concealed himself in the manner she had indicated. He was scarcely ensconced in the recess, when the door opened, and Morgan Fenwolf stepped in, followed by her grandfather. Fenwolf gazed suspiciously round the little chamber, and then glanced significantly at old Tristram, but he made no remark.

"What brings you here?" demanded Mabel, tremblingly.

"You are wanted in the cave," said Fenwolf.

"I will follow you anon," she replied.

"You must come at once," rejoined Fenwolf, authoritatively. "Herne will become impatient."

Upon this, Mabel rose, and without daring to cast a look towards the spot where Wyatt was concealed, quitted the cell with them. No sooner were they all out, than Fenwolf hastily shutting the door, turned the key in the lock, and taking it out, exclaimed—"So we have secured you, Sir Thomas Wyatt. No fear of your revealing the secret of the cave now, or flying with Mabel—ha! ha!"

THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ROBERT BELL.

PART II.

"There I saw Gulls that have no brains at all,
And certain monsters which they Gallants call;
New broods of Centaurs, that were only proud
Of having their beginning from a cloud."

WITHERS. *Abuses Whipt and Stript.*

"Then wit, like to their Venus, born of froth,
Is fit for fire, a Vulcan to betroth."

COLLOP. *Poesis Rediviva.*

THE fundamental change that took place in the tone and habits of society at the time of the Restoration was in no particular more remarkable than in the transition from the quiet ordinary to the uproarious tavern. The substitution by the cavaliers of a *monstre* wig, flowing down below the waist, for the cropped hair of the Round-heads, was not more striking or conspicuous. Nothing like the tavern, as it flourished in the reign of Charles the Second, was known at any former period. And this tavern frequenting, with all its train of profligacies, was, beyond all other things, the most characteristic of the real spirit of the age; it expressed, without reserve, and with appropriate fury, the vehement self-will and delirious love of pleasure, which, descending from the court to the kennel, inspired even the cellars of the Strand, where the lower classes used to drink drugged cider and play cards like their betters, with a new style of manners, and new forms of depravity. Charles the Second, with the rest of the blessings he conferred upon the country, brought hot drinks and late hours into fashion. In the vicinity of Covent Garden and the theatres, the inhabitants were kept awake half the night by the clatter of hackneys and the riots of fops and gallants, who went about screaming Bacchanalian songs, picking quarrels, and breaking windows. This was the aristocratic quarter for midnight misdeeds. But the *canaille* had their own night-houses and lusty brawls in remoter parts of the town, such as Smithfield and Wapping; and these grosser resorts were frequently visited by such men as Rochester and Sedley, when the finer taste of the Piazza had begun to pall upon their jaded appetites. The tavern embraced all the aspects of the living licentiousness: it was the garish temple of the unbridled passions; and,

except by the great house at Whitehall, it was unparalleled throughout the world for the scenes of vice and infamy transacted under its privileged roof. Let us look back for a moment, for the sake of the historical contrast, upon the quaint, tranquil ordinary, that threw open its brave humours and harmless vanities to all comers in the golden days before the Restoration. It is like turning from the pent-up alleys of the city, dense with sickly and contagious vapours, to the open country, over whose smiling surface the free winds are coursing, loaded with sweet and healthy perfumes.

The ordinary was an eating-house, with a dinner laid out, at a certain hour, for whoever came, at a fixed price per head, after the manner of a *table d'hôte*. In some instances the customers contracted for their entertainment by the month or quarter; and in all cases, the quality or rank of the house was determined by its charge. The prices at the fashionable establishments varied in proportion to the exclusiveness of their guests. The middle-class ordinary was what was called a twelvepenny ordinary; but there were some that descended as low as threepence. The threepenny ordinary appears to have been the cheapest of all, and frequented only by poets, brokers, and gentlemen out at elbows.

The total disuse of the old custom of dining at a common table in public is one of the many signs of the movement that has taken place within the last two hundred years in English society. It is not to be attributed, however, to the growth of any wider or more marked distinctions amongst the classes of the people, but rather to that refinement of taste which ensues upon the progress of civilization, raising the individual out of the miscellaneous mass, and making him more choice and select in his personal associations. Something, also, is no doubt to be traced to the increase of the population, which drives men back into their own nooks and retreats, to grovel and work as they can for sustenance, leaving them neither time nor means for much indulgence abroad; and something to that out-of-door living which was a sort of practical corollary from early hours and abstemious habits.

Decker, the dramatic writer, gives us a very curious account of these ordinaries. The tract containing the description is so rare as to tempt us to enrich our pages with a passage or two in his own words.* After instructing the gallants how to "behave themselves" in play-houses and elsewhere, he devotes a chapter to the purpose of shewing "how a Young Gallant should behave himselfe in an ordinary." Of course, a good deal of this is broad satire, but we get glimpses through the raillery of the actual state of affairs in the interior of the ordinary.

He opens by advising the gallant to select the most expensive house, and then gives us a picture, no doubt drawn from the life, of his progress through the streets. The first-rate houses, it seems, did not dine till half-past eleven o'clock! "First having diligently inquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning," says our author, "whither most of your courtly gallants do resort, let it be your use to repair thither, some halfe houre after eleven, for then you shall find most of your fashion-mongers planted in the roome, waiting for meate; ride thither upon your galloway nag, or your Spanish jennet, a swift,

* "The Gul's Horne-Book. By T. Decker. 1609."

ambling pace, in your hose and doublet (gilt rapier and poniard bestow'd in their places), and your French lackey carrying your cloake, and running before you, or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the basilike eyes of your creditors, and out-runne a whole kennell of bitter-mouth'd serjeants."

Deposited safely in the room, he advises him not to salute any but his own acquaintance; to walk up and down past the others as scornfully and carelessly as a gentleman-usher; to select an ill-dressed friend to promenade with him, by way of a foil; and to talk noisily, no matter to what purpose, provided only he laugh loudly, and look as if he were ready to engage in a quarrel. He then runs over the various topics suitable to various occupations, all of which have too local and remote an application to be of much interest now.

Just before dinner, of all things he recommends him to make a great show of his snuff-box, that article being then accounted a great luxury, and, with its various implements, a somewhat costly appendage to a man of fashion. "Before the meate come smoaking to the boarde, our Gallant must take out his tobacco-box, the ladell for the cold snuffe into the nostrill, the tongs and priming-iron; all which artillery must be of gold or silver (if he can reach to the price of it); it will be a reasonable usefull pawne at all times when the current of his money falles out to run low." From a subsequent passage, it appears that tobacco was then sold by the apothecaries. It shortly afterwards, when it became an article of more general consumption, was retailed at the public taverns.

At last dinner is upon table, and here we have a brawling, good-humoured feast, where everybody helps himself to the summit of his appetite. "When you are set downe to dinner," continues our lively guide, "you must eate as impudently as can be (*for that's most gentleman like*); when your Knight is upon his stewed mutton, be you presently (though you be but a Capten) in the bosome of your goose; and when your Justice of Peace is knuckle deepe in goose, you may, without disparagement to your blood, though you have a Lady to your mother, fall very manfully to your woodcocks."

The breaking up plainly indicates that the custom of sitting after dinner did not prevail in that age. "After dinner," says Decker, "every man, as his business leades him, some to dice, some to drabs, some to playes, some to take up friends in the Court, some to take up money in the Citty, some to lend testers in Powles, others to borrow crownes upon the Exchange; and thus, as the people is sayd to bee a beast of many heads (yet all those heads like Hydraes), ever growing as various as their hornes as wondrous in their budding and branching, so in an Ordinary you shall find the variety of a whole kingdome in a few apes of the kingdome." If they did not remaine to carouse, however, they had their small sins notwithstanding; and many of those worthies supplied the excitement of wine by primero and hazard.

The three-penny ordinary was the most turbulent of all, as might be expected. Decker describes it as the resort of usurers, stale bachelors, and thrifty attorneys. Here, he says, "the roomes are as full of company as a jaile, and indeed divided into severall wardes, like the beds of an hospitall. The complement between them is not much, their words few; for the appetite hath no cares, every man's eie heere is open, the other man's trencher to note whether his fellow lurch him or

no; if they chauce to discourse, it is of nothing but statutes, bonds, recognizances, fines, recoveries, and its rents, subsidies, sureties, inclosures, liveries, inditements, outlaries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankerouts, amercements, and of such horrible matter, that when a Lifetenant dines in the next room, hee thinks verily the men are conjuring." No man of his age was better acquainted with such scenes than Decker. He was the great slang author of the day; and several of his tracts may be referred to as complete expositors of the cant language and thieves' customs of the latter part of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century.*

Such were the ordinaries, the principal places of public resort, in the time of Elizabeth, and even still nearer to the Restoration. Taverns there were also, of which we shall speak presently, but the ordinary was the general rendezvous for wits, citizens, and the play-going people. The most objectionable point about them was the eternal stench of tobacco. This evil, to be sure, grew worse and worse in the days of the Restoration, when every corner steamed with smoke, and when the nuisance became such a mark of distinction that you could always detect a fashionable spark by the cloud from his pipe. But in the reign of Elizabeth, it was carried, in one direction at least, to a still greater excess,—for it was then customary to smoke even in the theatre—a barbarous usage, which appears to have gone out with the return of the Stuarts. A writer of that elder age assails the practice in what he calls a "satiricall epigram" on the "wanton and excessive use of Tobacco;" and from the opening lines it is evident the sober part of the audience must have been grievously annoyed by the "smoaky ayre" and "Indianly breath" of the gallants in the pit:—

"It chaunc'd me gazing at the Theater,
To spie a Lock-Tabacco-Chevalier,
Clowding the loathing ayre with foggie fume
Of Dock-Tabacco; friendly foe to rume.
I wisht the Roman law's severity:
Who smoke selleth, with smoke be done to dy."†

No traces of this usage can be found after that period; although tobacco continued to be used, even to a greater extent than before, in coffee-houses and taverns. Dryden smoked his pipe regularly every evening in his arm-chair, at Wills', by the fire-side in winter, in summer in the balcony; and his snuff-box lay upon the table by his side, tempting young aspirants after literary honours to solicit the glory of a pinch.‡

There is an old black letter poem of the reign of Elizabeth, in which we find a curious enumeration of the noted taverns of that time. The name of this strange catalogue is "Newes from Bartholomew fayre,"§ and the following are amongst the principal signs it sets forth:—

* The titles of the principal tracts above referred to are, "The Bellman of London," "Lanthorn and Candle Light," "English Villanies," and "A Strange Horse Race."

† "Dyets Dry Dinner; consisting of eight several courses. By Henry Buttes, Maister of Arts, and Fellow of C.C.C. in C. London, 1599."

‡ Spence's Anecdotes.

§ A history of Bartholomew Fair, now utterly shorn of its ancient glories, would make a capital volume for some of our modern illustrators. The original privilege of holding a fair in Smithfield was granted by Henry II. to the Priory of St. Bartholomew. It was first held on the spot called the Cloth Fair, where the drapers

"There hath been great sale and utterance of Wine,
 Besides Beere, and Ale, and Ipocras fine,*
 In every country, region, and nation,
 But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the Salutation;
 And the Bore's Head near London stone;
 The Swan at Dowgate, a Taverne well knowne;
 The Miter in Cheape, and then the Bull Head;
 And many like places that make noses red:
 The Bore's Head in Old Fish Street; Three Crowns in the Vintry;
 And now of late, St. Martin's in the Sentree:
 The Windmill in Lothbury; the Ship at th' Exchange;
 King's Head at New Fish Street, where Roysters do range;
 The Mermaid in Cornhill; Red Lion in the Strand;
 Three Tuns in Newgate Market; Old Fish Street at the Swan," &c.

Few of these houses retained their odour to the days of the Restoration; although, strangely enough, many of the signs still survive in their ancient localities. The original houses were nearly all swept away in the fire of 1666. There is an old broadside in the Museum, called "London's Ordinary; or, Every Man in his Humour," containing a similar catalogue; but it is of no historical value, being little better than a play upon the names of signs, not one half of which, probably, ever existed.†

Taverns in the Elizabethan age, and downwards through the Commonwealth, were used merely for incidental enjoyment and occasional feasting. They were neither so popular nor so riotous as they afterwards became. But in that subsequent madness of the

had booths within the precincts of the Priory, the gates of which were locked at night for the security of the goods. It was limited to two days; afterwards extended to a fortnight, and then reduced to two days again, in consequence of the dissoluteness and disorders it produced. A court of Pied-Poudre used to be held on the ground, for the settlement of disputes arising out of debts contracted during its continuance. A tract, published in 1641, describes the fair as the head-quarters for the time being, of all the rogues, pickpockets, gulls, and coxcombs of the metropolis. The account of the shows and tricksters proves clearly enough that our ancestors were as well acquainted with the arts of hocus pocus as their successors at Camberwell or Greenwich. "Here a Knave," says the writer, "in a fooles coate, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum beating, invites you, and would faine perswade you to see his puppets; there a Rogue like a wild woodman, or in an Antick's ship [shape], like an Incubus, desires your company; on the other side, Hocus Pocus, with three yards of tape or ribbin in 's hand, shewing his art of Legerdemaine, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockoloaches." There were also others shaking rattles and scraping fiddles, and gamesters turning whimsies, or throwing pewter, or dissolving shillings into three-halfpenny saucers! The fair rose into considerable importance after the Commonwealth, and became a very different place from the Bartholomew Fair of Ben Jonson, or of the tract-writer of 1641. It had not only rope-dancers and posture-masters and conjurors, but even elaborate stage representations. "It produces operas of its own growth," says a writer of the time, "and is become a formidable rival to both the theatres. It beholds gods descending from machines, who express themselves in a language suitable to their dignity; it traffics in heroes; it raises ghosts and apparitions; it has represented the Trojan horse, the workmanship of the divine Epeus; it has seen St. George encounter the Dragon, and overcome him. In short, for thunder and lightning, for songs and dances, for sublime fustian and magnificent nonsense, it comes not short of Drury Lane or Lincoln's Inn Fields."

* Arnold, in his Chronicle, gives us a receipt for making ipocras, by which it appears that it was composed of red wine, cinnamon, ginger, pepper, and sugar.

† Mr. Mackay has preserved this humorous composition in the "Songs of the London 'Prentices," published by the Percy Society.]

nation, when the whole population, gentle and simple, glorified themselves upon their deliverance from the Puritans, by rushing wildly to the extremity of the opposite excesses, taverns occupied necessarily no unimportant space. They became part and parcel of the machinery of the town life, and shall have a separate chapter, by and by, dedicated to their due celebration.

The dissolute tastes of the town were peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of tavern pleasures. Living in an atmosphere of frivolity, faithlessness, and false wit, it was not very surprising that the youthful blood of the fashionable section of society should become tainted by the lowest vices, as well as the most egregious follies. It became the custom, all at once, rising up out of the domestic lethargy of the Commonwealth, to live in public. There was no more modesty, no more diffidence, no more creeping through the streets in cloaks, with stealthy steps and heavenward eyes. Private life, such as we understand it to be, with its sacred ties and instinctive charities, was at an end in those circles that imparted the predominant tone to national manners. Everybody went abroad for enjoyment; and duchesses and citizens' wives, lords and scriveners, ladies of honour and sempstresses, alike frequented those haunts of idleness and profligacy, where all alike were relieved from the uneasy obligations of duty and the necessity of keeping up appearances. Nor was this promiscuous intercourse confined, as we have already observed, to the well-known localities of St. James's, or the notorious purlieus of Covent Garden. The remotest and the meanest parts of the town had their open enjoyments, and their special seasons of patronage, when they were frequented by all classes of people. Hoxton and Moorfields had their promenades, *al fresco*, and revels within doors, in imitation of the gallantries of Whitehall; and the cloisters of Smithfield were tramped indiscriminately by beaux and pedlers, vizard-masks and heiresses, who, in the words of a contemporary writer, "jostled each other like Nat. Lee's gods in *Œdipus*!"

STANZAS.

BY MISS SKELTON.

"Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams
The shallow murmur—but the deep are dumb."—SIR W. RALEIGH.

THERE are eyes that seldom weep—
Bosoms where the grief lies deep—
Tears that have no power to flow—
Lips that never speak of woe—
Lips that never part to tell
All the heart endures so well.

Not often do strong passions rise
To flush the brow and cloud the eyes;
But cheeks grow pale beneath their
 blight,
Quivering lips are wan and white,
And brightest locks of youthful hair
Will blanch beneath untold despair.

Weak natures in their utmost grief
Seek in words and tears relief;
But finer spirits, proud and high,
Learn calmly to endure—or die!
And sterner hearts forbear to speak
Of all they suffer ere they break.

And thus such spirits shew through life
No outward sign of inward strife;
But, coldly patient to the last,
True to the memories of the past,
In silence pass to final rest,
The one dark secret unconfest.

THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.

BY MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.*

IRELAND (bating the Union) is an island entirely by itself—and here is a book about it (bating its being in two volumes) equally by itself. Mr. Titmarsh has no brother, and is like no brother, in the wide land of literature. He writes as Robins sells, without reserve. He may resemble old Shippen and Montagne in saying all he thinks, but he differs from them and all the world, in his mode of saying it. There is no guessing at the flourish his pen is going to take next—he passes from the queerest pothooks up to the finest copper-plate, and thence back to “an infernal cramped piece of penmanship as ever you saw in your life.” In the midst of a delicious pathos he yields himself to the temptations of the burlesque; in some calm, quiet place, he shouts with double-lunged vigour, quite unexpectedly; and while writing with the simple dignity of a grave, fine-minded, full-hearted, wise old man, he flings down the pen suddenly, and breaks into the wildest pranks of glorious reckless boyhood. He seems, as he looks on life, not to know very well at all times whether he ought to laugh or cry—and so he commonly does both—and both in a breath, too. You think his relish of humour and wit keenest, until you come to his serious writing in appreciation and advocacy of the humanities—when you like his gravity better than his fun; and he seems to shine most in describing the common-places and knaveries of every-day life, until he comes to the “more removed ground” opened by a love of the imaginative, a sense of the picturesque, and a scholar-like taste for the dainties of literature—when he appears to understand what men and books should be better than what they are.

In like manner, we had sagaciously pronounced Mr. M. A. Titmarsh to be considerably more of an author than an artist, until our eyes had feasted on the illustrative Irishisms appropriately adorning these pages, when we found him to be alike vigorous, original, and true, in both characters—independent, in both, of ordinary rules of art.

A mind constituted like his, with graphic powers to give effect to its immediate impressions, could not fail to find at every step of his progress in such a country as Ireland, the richest materials for a book equally light and deep—equally a prize to those who seek amusement, and those who meditate—equally fitted to charm the laugh-loving young lady, and the profound legislator, if such an animal be yet left to us. And so we have a rare work, both sad and humorous, like its subject—the humour uppermost, and the tender thoughtful sadness underneath.

When Titmarsh's Irish tour commenced, and when it ended, and whither it extended itself, and what whims and wonders it comprises, may perhaps be learned on reference to the pair of pictured volumes just issued; but to describe its zigzag course would be dull work—and of all tours we know of, dullness is least to be associated even in a critical commentary with this. The good spirit of the writer kept

him sprightly in the dreariest places; and excepting when he is overborne by ugly beggars, or stifled in the stale air of a convent, or disgusted with the insolence of a wandering Englishman here and there, he is always in a most companionable mood, and never tires us. In fact, if a book about France or Italy even were only to be written in this way, we could almost swear that it might be read through, for the ground would seem quite untrodden.

An observation made at the very commencement of his summer-day in Dublin furnishes a key to the Irish character, as it is subsequently developed:—

“It is quite curious to see in the streets where the shops are, how often the painter of the sign-boards begins with big letters, and ends, for want of space, with small.”

It is curious to see how the fine woman ends in a fish’s tail; how the Irishman begins with whisky and ends with ditch-water—how he has a domestic establishment, without a home—a life without the means of living. As he thoughtlessly begins his sign-board, so he often builds his house, and sets up his gates.

“One sees in this country many a grand and tall iron gate leading into a very shabby field covered with thistles.”

“A handsome drawing-room with a good carpet, a lofty marble mantel-piece, and no paper to the walls. The door is prettily painted white and blue, and though not six weeks old, a great piece of the wood-work is off already (Peggy uses it to prevent the door from banging to); and there are some fine chinks in every one of the panels, by which my neighbour may see all my doings. A couple of score of years, and this house will be just like yonder place on Grattan’s Hill. Like a young prodigal, the house begins to use its constitution too early; and when it should yet (in the shape of carpenters and painters) have all its masters and guardians to watch and educate it, my house on Grattan’s Hill must be a man at once, and enjoy all the privileges of strong health! I would lay a guinea they were making punch in that house before they could keep the rain out of it; that they had a dinner-party and ball before the floors were firm or the wainscots painted, and a fine tester-bed in the best room, where my lady might catch cold in state, in the midst of yawning chimneys, creaking window-sashes, and smoking plaster.”

Returning from a stroll to his inn in Dublin, he found the little window of his room wide open, the sash being propped up by a hearth-broom to prevent it from falling upon the neck of the looker-out. We agree that there is “a sort of moral” in this—“a person with an allegorical turn might examine the entire country through this window.”

A dinner arrangement at Cork (it was a capital agricultural feast, but we cannot describe it) furnishes a parallel to the ingenuity of the window-expedient in Dublin:—

“‘Sir,’ says a waiter whom I had asked for currant jelly for the haunch—(there were a dozen such smoking on various parts of the table—think of that, Mr. Cuff!)—‘Sir,’ says the waiter, ‘there’s no jelly, but I’ve brought you *some very fine lobster sauce.*’”

The Ursuline Convent there presents a more distressing picture than a haunch of venison served up with lobster sauce; and at the sight of the nuns, the “great six-foot Protestant has a little tremble.” He sees them passing from the grave up-stairs to the one scarcely narrower in the churchyard beneath; and the reflection is—

“I declare I think, for my part, that we have as much right to permit Sutteeism in India, as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or

Catholic Bishops to receive them; and that Government has as good a right to interpose in such cases, as the police has to prevent a man from hanging himself, or the doctor to refuse a glass of prussic acid to any one who may have a wish to go out of the world."

From the inn and the convent, let us escape into the bosom of a private family, and see what is going on:—

"When Peggy brought in coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them—in what, do you think? 'In a coal-scuttle, to be sure,' says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

"No, you clever Englishman, it wasn't a coal-scuttle.

"Well, then, it was in a fire-shovel,' says that brightest of wits, guessing again.

"No, it *wasn't* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius: and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find out. It was in something which I have already described in Mrs. Fagan's pantry.

"Oh, I have you now, it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thlat-ternly wetch!' says Snooks.

"Wrong again—Peggy brought up the coals—in a CHINA PLATE!

"Snooks turns quite white with surprise, and almost chokes himself with his port. 'Well,' says he, 'of all the *wum* countwith that I ever wead of, hang me if Ireland ithn't the *wummeth*. Coalth in a plate! Mawyann, do you hear that? In Ireland they alwayth thend up their coalth in a plate!'"

Going from Cork to Bantry, we pause at a miserable old market-house, where a woodcut shews us a fine group of feminine venders of buttermilk and other delicacies, while a dozen words do the work of a volume, in painting a scene which in some form or other is present to us everywhere—it is poetry not measured off into verse:—

"Round the coach came crowds of raggers, and blackguards fawning for money."

What need of the pencil here! We dash on at the rate of seven miles an hour to Skibbereen, in that wondrous vehicle the "Industry," with "gaps between every one of the panels—you could see daylight through and through it." But at Skibbereen we are rewarded by a view of a marvellous cigar-box:—

"But of all the wonderful things to be seen in Skibbereen, Dan's pantry is the most wonderful—every article within is a make-shift, and has been ingeniously perverted from its original destination. Here lie bread, blacking, fresh-butter, tallow-candles, dirty knives—all in the same cigar-box, with snuff, milk, cold bacon, brown sugar, broken tea-cups, and bits of soap."

We run rapidly through a variety of interesting scenes, laughable and melancholy, to Killarney:—

"All round the town miserable streets of cabins are stretched. You see people lolling at each door, women staring and combing their hair, men with their little pipes, children whose rags hang on by a miracle, idling in a gutter. Are we to set all this down to absenteeism, and pity poor injured Ireland? Is the landlord's absence the reason why the house is filthy, and Biddy lolls in the porch all day? Upon my word, I have heard people talk as if, when Pat's thatch was blown off, the landlord ought to go fetch the straw and the ladder, and mend it himself."

The superstitions of the people, gloomily shadowed in the convent at Cork, burst into a horrible and ghastly light, as we approach Westport, and witness the Pattern at Croagh-Patrick, where the most disgusting sacrifices are performed in a hideous series of self-sacrifices, from which we willingly escape—and it is time we should—to a

brighter side of the picture. Take a car-boy, somewhere in the vicinity of Lough Tay:—

"We asked him, was he married? and he said, No, but he was *as good as married*; for he had an old mother and four little brothers to keep, and six mouths to feed, and to dress himself decent to drive the gentlemen. Was not the '*as good as married*' a pretty expression? and might not some of what are called their betters learn a little good from these simple poor creatures?"

Take, moreover, a picture in Drogheda, where two little children are paddling down the street, one saying to the other, "*Once I had a halfpenny*, and bought apples with it!" When children are the subject, the page is always touching and eloquent; and we have a beautiful example further on, at the Dundalk Infant-school, which seems quite a pattern affair—where the children are desired, "if they wish to give the schoolmistress a holiday, to hold up their hands," and every tiny hand is instantly raised on high, as exhibited in an engraving, over which the beholder laughs for about ten minutes.

We must end our miserably scanty extracts at the Giant's Causeway:—

"The solitude is awful. I can't understand how those chattering guides dare to lift up their voices here, and cry for money. It looks like the beginning of the world, somehow: the sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hill-tops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes; the water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world? The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colours. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was moulded and fashioned out of formless chaos, this must have been the *bit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of that!—it is a tailor's simile. Well, I am a Cockney; I wish I were in Pall Mall!"

"Justice to Ireland" is not to be done in this notice, unless we could quote a few pages at a time, and a few of the admirable designs with them—comic anecdotes and pathetic touches—groups and single figures, houses and inhabitants, as the scene shifts. This, however, we may say, that what the author gives us is quite his own; and where it has no novelty of information it is new in manner. Where we see only himself, instead of his subject, we are still amused; though we may wish that he had not so vehemently insisted on being a "cockney" always, and may be allowed to protest against the constant repetition of "thank Heaven!" and "please God!" in every familiar commentary upon roadside incidents, at each step of the journey. The reiterated exclamation is the result of mere habit—not a good one—and it gives an air of affectation to some of the author's most earnest passages, written we are sure with genuine feeling. This feeling will be the author's safe and sufficient defence in quarters where his plain-spoken notions of right and wrong, in matters of the very gravest consequence, will possibly be quarrelled with. The quarters alluded to are not political—for the volumes (and here is the wonder) though treating of Ireland and the Irish, are wholly innocent of politics. They are evidently the work of a man of acute observation, of warm sympathies, and excellent humour.

THE FIGHT OF THE SACRED GROVE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE affection entertained by the ancients for their domestic deities, Lares and Manes—spirits of their ancestors, hovering around the spot where their mortal lives had been spent, and solicitous for the welfare of their descendants—was not more marked than is, in the present day, the religious veneration paid by the Arabs to the tombs of their Sheiks. The apotheosis of a Christian has been generally an act of the church, but that of an Arab Sheik is the simple expression of the lively regard entertained by the tribe, during lifetime, for the piety, wisdom, and patriarchal virtues of their chief, and which, after his translation to the mysterious world of the dead, is made to assume the character of a positive sanctification.

The tombs of Sheiks, thus honoured, are scattered all over the land of Islamism. They are of all magnitudes, and of various forms. Great attention is paid to the picturesque in their position: hence sometimes they are planted on the conical tops of isolated hills, at others they advance to the point of tall cliffs beetling over the sea or river; sometimes they sparkle like lone white pillars on the desert, at others are embosomed in groves, or shadowed, on the road side, by one or two gigantic planes. In the Chaldean and Babylonian marshes they are, however, often but frail memorials to the dead, being frequently rude structures, built of reeds, and torn by each angry blast that sweeps across the wilderness of waters.

The veneration of the Arabs for these sepulchres of their holy men led to an unfortunate occurrence, during the navigation of the Euphrates, which was the cause of one of the few interruptions to the friendly intercourse that took place between the Arabs and ourselves, and which might have been easily avoided, had the fiery-tempered natives only announced their disapprobation of our proceedings, instead of having recourse at once to violence. The steamer Euphrates had just traversed the Chaldean marshes. The banks of the river began to rise, and for the first time after a navigation of many miles, a clump of wood made its appearance, behind which was an Arab village belonging to the Beni Hiyakim tribe. The grove was divided into two parts, between which was a quadrangular fort with mud walls, and the village was in the rear of the northerly grove; there was also an Arab fort of some magnitude on the opposite or right bank of the river, a little below. Totally unaware that this grove was in any way an object of veneration to the Arabs, the steamer, as usual, drew up alongside, and the men were sent into the wood, to replenish our stores of fuel.

As usual also on such occasions, I was glad to take my fowling-piece and to saunter in the grove, in search of birds, and other objects of natural history. I went to the southerly wood, the men having set to work in the one to the north. On few occasions did the jungle on the banks of the river present me with such a profusion of game as did this little grove: the beautiful francolin, like our pheasant, only with a black ring round his neck, and without its tail, sprang up at almost every step; but my attention was called off by the number of wild animals, boars, jackals, and hyænas, which appeared to have congregated from

all parts of the country in this isolated grove. Among these there appeared a large wolf, which did not skulk away out of shot, but stopped and stared at me, as if to dispute my progress. When I walked up to him, however, he trotted away about a hundred yards, and then stood still again. I was induced by this manœuvre, frequently repeated, and perhaps done to draw me from his young, to follow him out of the grove into the plain, and here I heard a distant hubbub, and saw the women and children flying from the village, and wending their way across the wilderness. It is difficult sometimes to account for the first thoughts that rush upon the mind, but mine were on the present occasion evidently tinged by what had just occurred—the number of wild animals that I had met with—and I imagined that a lion had come down upon the village, and so impressed was I with this idea, that I turned my steps immediately towards the flying multitude; but at that very moment several shots were fired, and immediately afterwards the whiz of a rocket told me plainly that something more serious had happened. I accordingly now sought to make my way to the steamer, between which and myself was interposed the fort previously mentioned, and to reach which I must, unless I took a circuitous road back into the grove, pass close to the now hostile village. My feelings, however, upon the bad effect such a stealthy mode of progress would have upon the Arabs, did not allow me to have recourse to the first-mentioned alternative, so I walked—not fast—but as composedly as possible, towards the fort. As I approached, I passed within fifty yards of a group of armed Arabs, who were watching me, but who, probably averse to shedding the first blood, or from more honourable motives, did not, as they might easily have done, fire at me—a proceeding which would have been very unsatisfactory, although I was fully prepared to give them the contents of my two barrels in return.

I found the fort occupied by Lieutenant Murphy and Corporal Greenhill, who had been employed at the time of the quarrel in making astronomical observations, but who were now engaged in putting up a rocket-tube at the north-east angle, from whence the village was commanded. Standing before the wall, I now learnt the cause of the misunderstanding: an Arab sheik was buried in the grove; it was sacred in the eyes of the tribe; and they had attacked the men who were profaning it, but happily had wounded none, although it was with difficulty that they had been enabled to regain the ship without bloodshed.

I stepped on board by the fore-part of the ship, where all was bustle and preparation. Touching my hat to the Colonel, I went aft, was soon below, got out my instruments, tourniquets, &c., in case of accidents, and then mounted again upon the quarter-deck. Almost everybody had gone forward, as that part of the ship was nearest the village, and only six sailors remained aft, and were busily engaged in getting the swivels of the starboard-side in readiness. All this time, the Arabs were concentrating in front of the village, whirling their muskets and hatchets above their heads, and careering round and round in their wild war-dance. They were joined every moment by others coming in from unseen directions; and on each new arrival, the dance was renewed with additional zeal, and the accompanying songs and shouts became more energetic. Their holy prophet, the sanctity of their sheiks, the beards of their fathers, the virtue of their mothers, and their own unconquered name, were cast in our teeth or invoked

against us, who were also loaded with epithets most derogatory to our dignity. Two or three messages of peace had been sent in vain. More Arabs kept arriving, and many swam across the river, (which was here about four hundred yards wide,) both above and below us. A rocket was sent among one party, with whom was a led horse, and who had come down to the river banks not far above us. It did no harm, but rendered the horse unmanageable, and considerably damped the ardour of the men for swimming across.

The villagers were at this time firing occasional shots; but except a rocket or two discharged from the ship, and by Lieutenant Murphy from the fort, rather to intimidate than to hurt them, we had not attempted reprisals; the fires, however, were lighted, and the steam was getting up—a matter which generally took about twenty minutes. In the meantime, as a last resource, Colonel Chesney determined upon sending one of the interpreters, Sayid Ali, with a flag of truce, offering that we would go away in peace, and make an apology and present for cutting the wood, if they would come to terms of amity, and also make an apology on their side for their furious attack upon the men, made without any previous explanations. The errand was not a very enviable one, for the Arabs of the Euphrates do not know much about flags of truce. They, however, respected Sayid Ali's white kerchief tied to a stick, although the interview produced no beneficial results. Like semi-savages, they mistook our forbearance for cowardice, and said we had fired horrible missiles without doing any harm, and that they would fight us, and exterminate us from the land.

Shortly after Sayid Ali's return, the Arabs ceased their dances, and advancing into the grove, each took up his position behind a tree or bush, from whence they kept up a sharp fire, with a better intention than execution—for none on our ship were hurt, and many of the balls were seen to fall short in the water—indeed, the only musket-ball that came to my knowledge on the quarter-deck, and that at an after period, passed between my nose and that of a sailor's in close proximity, and to whom I was lending a hand in bringing a swivel to bear upon the wood. It was sharper work forward; and I observed at one time Major (now Colonel) Estcourt reprimanding some of the novices on board for bobbing their heads.

The steam was, happily for us, by this time on; Lieutenant Murphy and the Corporal were on board, and Colonel Chesney being determined to give the Arabs some slight chastisement, the ship was, to their infinite wonder—for they had only seen her come down the river,—now propelled upwards, till she brought to immediately opposite the grove, from whence the firing was both sharp and fierce. A nine-pound carronade, which decorated our bows, was now discharged loaded with grape-shot into the wood, and great was the fall of leaves and creaking of branches. The musketry ceased for a moment, and then began again; our swivels were then made to play upon the wood, and the carronade once more vomited fire and grape amid the dense shrubbery. But Colonel Chesney had only intended giving them a single shot or so, and was annoyed at the activity displayed. It is not, however, to be wondered at, that one gun being fired, it should have been followed by others. The artillerymen and sailors who had been attacked in the grove were anxious for retaliation; even the natives who were on board were in a state of great excitement at our thus bearing to be

fired at for more than half an hour without any reprisals. The Colonel, however, in the most humane spirit, ran from the fore-part of the ship to the quarter-deck, to command the firing to cease; but when he came aft, off went a gun forward—and when he went forward, another gun was fired aft, till his commands being positively heard through the noise, they were obeyed, and the firing ceased. It is remarkable how close the Arabs kept to their positions during this brief engagement. Except the short moment that I lent a hand to get the swivel round, I had stood peering over the bulwarks, looking out for an Arab as intently as I would have done for a rabbit; but with the exception of one or two men who limped away evidently wounded by the grape, I did not see even a hand the whole of the time. Their firing was, however, put an effectual stop to ere the ship's crew had been prevailed upon to leave off.

The steamer having turned her head round, now went her way down the stream. The walls of the fort on the right bank had been crowded with muskets and lances during the engagement, and exhibited so determined a hostile aspect, that we were in anticipation of a salute as we passed by; but the cannonading of the grove had apparently not been to their liking, and on our passage the walls were deserted.

On our further descent of the river, we visited the powerful Sheik of the Montefik Arabs, to whom the Beni Hiyakim were subject; and the opportunity was taken to represent how grieved the Colonel had been with this misunderstanding with the Arabs, and what a pity it was that the tribe had not sought for explanations instead of having had immediate recourse to violence; but the chieftain only laughed at the matter, and said he really did not know before that the Beni Hiyakim had been so warlike. He was, in fact, evidently delighted, and chuckled at the idea of their supposed valorous display.

Some time after this, on our re-ascent of the river, we passed by the sacred grove again. The tribe at first made some show of turning out to arms, but the bugle having sounded, they were appalled, and retired to their huts and tents, whither, after the ship had taken up a good position, Mr. Rassam went to pay them a visit. This he accomplished, and gave them a good lecture upon their folly. The women wept, and said they had lost three men of the tribe; but this may be suspected to have been an exaggeration, to excite our sympathies: so a present was made to them, and we remained friends afterwards.

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE THIRD.

AT the close of the season both cousins were invited to pass a few weeks at Fairlands, Mr. Hamilton's country seat, which was situated in the county of ———, within a walk of Sir Gerald's paternal estate; and Mr. Hamilton's principal object in inviting him was in the hope that he would take some interest in the alterations and arrangements necessary to be made after so long a minority, to render this magnificent residence all that his large fortune seemed to demand. But Sir Gerald opposed every attempt of Mr. Hamilton's; and persisting in

forbidding a single alteration to be made, directed the old furniture and decorations to be left untouched, saying that he should most probably not reside there for some years to come. Much of his time was passed with the Stanleys; and on the termination of his visit at Fairlands, he established himself entirely at the vicarage, and was seldom seen but in the company of the husband or wife.

Mr. Hamilton's only son had married young, and both he and his wife had been called from this world ere their only child had attained her tenth year. She of course became the charge and the solace of her grandfather's life, and during Sir Gerald's visit at Fairlands, she was the only being who seemed to interest him. Agnes had just entered her fifteenth year, and having till now been seldom permitted to emerge from the school-room, she was flattered and pleased at being appreciated, as she, with the usual tact of children, soon discovered she was, by Sir Gerald; and ere a week had elapsed, she was the companion of his early rambles, and by degrees his pupil in drawing. It was so delightful to her young and artless mind to watch his pencil, as he rapidly sketched the surrounding landscapes—to see on paper the favourite spots she had been in the habit of visiting whenever she could escape from the confinement of the grounds; how different from the dry, tiresome copies set her by the accredited drawing-master! whose attendance was limited to two hours once a week, and who, as she said, never brought her anything to copy she had the least interest in looking at.

When the party at Mr. Hamilton's separated, Agnes' sorrow was extreme at losing her kind friend and instructor; but he obtained permission for her to make Mrs. Stanley's acquaintance, and that lady, much pleased with her ingenuous manner, and interested by her orphan state, frequently entreated her company at the vicarage.

Months passed on, and Sir Gerald appeared completely domiciled with the Stanleys. He frequently went to Fairlands, and almost daily to his own mansion, but evinced no intention of making it his residence. The alternations of secret anguish and affected cheerfulness, which had given rise to anxiety in his friends, and excited the curiosity of his acquaintances, had now subsided into a calm and fixed melancholy. He passed some hours of every day with Mrs. Stanley, and her society appeared to be the only interest of his life. He was in the habit of receiving large and voluminous packets from the Continent; and it was remarked, that at every fresh arrival his sorrow seemed to wear a deeper hue. Mrs. Stanley's spirits also appeared much affected by the intelligence contained in these packets. After the receipt of one of them, she would sometimes remain for days in her own apartment, inaccessible to every visitor. Once Agnes had been by mistake admitted, and not finding Mrs. Stanley in the family sitting-room, she proceeded to her private one, when, on opening the door, she started at beholding her sobbing convulsively; Sir Gerald held her hand in his, while his countenance bore the impress of the most perfect despair. The sofa on which Mrs. Stanley was reclining seemed covered with letters, on which his eyes were fixed. Agnes, perceiving that her entrance had been unremarked, stole cautiously from the room; but the scene she had witnessed powerfully affected her. She could not have told what had pained her, but the impression was painful; and as her mind afterwards reverted to the scene, her pencil almost unknowingly traced the whole on paper. Years after, that sketch was found by one of the parties.

When Agnes again saw Mrs. Stanley, she refrained from any mention of her former visit. From that lady she heard that Sir Gerald was gone abroad; and had it not been for Harry Danvers' occasional visits at her grandfather's, she would have heard no more of one who had been the first object of predilection to her girlish fancy. Harry took delight in talking of his cousin; and it was this one subject, in which each felt pleasure, that drew them often together in busy conjecture as to the cause of his absence, and the grief which was so apparent in his manner. While their thoughts and conversation were thus engaged, Mr. Hamilton supposed that an attachment for each other was growing in their hearts, and which it pleased him to contemplate; for Harry Danvers had so prepossessed Mr. Hamilton in his favour, and he entertained such an exalted opinion of his talents as a man of business, and was so charmed with his cheerful, happy character, that he would have considered his grandchild's future comfort assured by her marriage with him.

Agnes had gone less frequently than formerly to the vicarage since her return from London; but one morning she received a note from Mrs. Stanley, reproaching her for thus forsaking its inmates. The black-bordered paper and black seal told of some family bereavement; and the note was so kind, yet so mournful, in its tone, that sincerely blaming herself for her estrangement, she set out at once to reply to Mrs. Stanley's note in person.

Agnes found both her and her husband at home: they were in deep mourning; and the former looked pale and dejected. Nevertheless, she received her visitor with a smile of welcome, and an evident attempt to converse cheerfully. When they were left alone, Agnes ventured to say, "I am very sorry I did not sooner know of your affliction; and I almost dread to ask if it is some near relation you have lost." Tears stood in her eyes as she spoke; and Mrs. Stanley's overflowed as she replied, "Yes, dear Agnes, a very dear and tenderly beloved relation: by birth, she was only my cousin; but by many and uninterrupted years of fond affection, we were dear as sisters to each other. Her fate was a melancholy one; and her death *ought* to be rather a cause for thankfulness than grief. But it is hard to teach the heart submission, though the reason may be convinced. Some day I will tell you more of my lost Evelyn's sorrows; but now I can only remember our early happy days of childhood, and would banish the dark and stormy page of later years. You will come to me oftener than of late, will you not, Agnes?"

"I will be with you as much as you like, dear Mrs. Stanley," she replied; "and only wish I could in any way be to you as the friend you mourn."

"Thanks!" returned Mrs. Stanley; "your old friend Gerald bade me seek your society, as most likely to console me."

Agnes started. Since Sir Gerald left the country, she had never heard his name pronounced in any of her occasional visits at the vicarage; and now Mrs. Stanley called him "Gerald" as familiarly as his own cousin Harry did;—and again the scene she had unintentionally witnessed just before he left England became present to her imagination, and, as then, crimsoned her cheek with an emotion she could not define. Mr. Stanley came in, and Agnes took her leave, feeling something less anxious to console Mrs. Stanley under her affliction than she had professed herself a few moments before.

THE LEGEND OF LELIENDAEL.

[At Leliendael, or the Valley of Lilies, near Mechlin, in Flanders, are the ruins of a convent, of the foundation of which, the following legend prevails. The nuns, to the number of eighteen, deserted it during the civil wars, in 1589.]

In lonely Leliendael,
 'Twixt morning-tide and even,
 Seven times in every summer day
 Sweet music rose to heaven.
 'Twas not the linden's rustling,—
 'Twas not the wild brook's fall;—
 Mystic and strange were the harmonies
 Of lonely Leliendael.

The palmer stay'd his steps,
 Propp'd on his staff, to hear;
 The herdsman on his bended knees
 Pray'd with a joyous fear;—
 Awestruck, amid the sheafed corn
 Rested the gleaners all,—
 Listen in tears to the vesper hymn
 Of lonely Leliendael.

When winter chain'd the brooks
 Fast to the frozen ground,
 When, whirl'd on high, from the linden trees,
 The dead leaves flutter'd round,—
 Still to the vale sweet warblings
 Did its vernal pride recall,
 Breath'd by a more than mortal choir
 In lonely Leliendael.

Birds of unearthly strain
 There hymn'd their songs of praise,
 In the starry plumes of whose quiv'ring wings
 Sparkled celestial rays;
 Sweeter their thrilling notes were pour'd
 Than by minstrels in lordly hall;
 Six, thrice told, were the choristers
 Of lonely Leliendael.

Then the pious of the land
 Raised a cloister'd chapel there,—
 On that hallow'd ground which the King of kings
 Had chosen for his House of Prayer.
 And ever and anon soft anthems
 Breathed from the convent wall;—
 Six, thrice told, were the Sisters chanting
 In holy Leliendael.

And if one Sister more
 Join'd in the choral hymn,
 Low droop'd her head as the days went by,
 And her saintly eyes grew dim,
 And when spring return'd, a funeral bell
 Toll'd o'er her early pall;
 For 'tis God's high will, that thrice six sweet voices
 Praise him in Leliendael.

C. F. G.

COUSIN EMILY.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

PART I.

[The interest recently excited upon the subject of mental affection, and more especially in reference to a lamentable event, which has deprived society of an active and valued member, induced the writer to search for some notes of a singular story which was related to him several years ago, and in which a peculiar phase of insanity was illustrated by its most painful results. He has endeavoured, in the following pages, to bring a tale before the reader. It is right that he should mention that all who could possess any personal knowledge of its details (the original narrator included) have long since "ceased from among us."]

You have lived under four English sovereigns, and the number of your fellow-subjects who can add another king to the list is small. I am one of that small number, for I was born in the year 1757, and I am now eighty-three. You need not on that account hesitate at passing me the bottle.

I'll tell you something which was brought to my mind by this straggling old inn, with its long gloomy passages and terrible staircases. I am not at all sorry we decided on sleeping here, for it seems a naughty night to swim in, but there is a place near the top of this house which I wish I had not seen. Help yourself, and stir the fire into a blaze; I don't like even to think of the story in the dark.

When I was sixteen, I believed myself intensely in love with a very pretty cousin of mine, whose Christian name was Emily. She was exactly that sort of cousin with whom, I suppose, all boys fall in love—she was three years older than myself, and not only very pretty, but very merry and very kind-hearted, and, in spite of all my endeavours, her laughing face, with a quantity of black curls falling about it, was perpetually coming between my eye and the Delphin Juvenal, the fact of her being miles away from my school not at all interfering with her pertinacious hauntings. I was exceedingly outrageous when I was informed of her intended marriage to a country clergyman about ten years her senior, and though Mrs. Algernon Parke (that was the name she took, poor thing!) wrote me several beautiful letters, inviting me to come and see her in her married state, it was not until she had become a mother and I had become a collegian, that I could make up my mind to visit her. My journey was then accidental, but when I entered her house she gave me such a sunshiny welcome, and, in spite of the child crawling about upon the rug, she looked so like the Emily of other days, that I reproached myself for my delay, and determined to make up for it by spending as much of my time as possible at — Rectory.

Her husband, the Reverend Algernon Parke, was one of those men whom you cannot help liking, and yet with whom it is impossible to be very intimate. He was tall, handsome, and aristocratic in appearance; he was an accomplished scholar, and had travelled much, and his general information was, or seemed to a youth of nineteen, very extensive. But he was an extremely proud man, and though nothing could be kinder or more hospitable than his manner, I was forced to feel that he rather endured than sought conversation with me. Indeed, I have often thought that I may have attributed this neglect on his part to wrong causes, for the talk of a person of my age and character must in all probability have been rubbishing enough, especially in those days, when young gentlemen were not furnished with a smattering

of every kind of knowledge. However, Mr. Parke always gave me a cordial welcome to his house, and while I remained there, we saw little of each other except at the social hours. There was excellent sporting of two or three kinds in the neighbourhood, and though I devoted a great deal of time to my cousin, I reserved a tolerable proportion for my dogs, and guns, and fishing-tackle. Altogether I found the Rectory a delightful place.

The house itself had little to recommend it beyond its size and its situation, for it was one of those ungainly structures which were reared when everything requisite for building was cheap—architectural skill excepted. I told you that this inn reminded me of the place. The Rectory was a very tall and very spacious house, full of winding staircases and intricate passages, doors opening where they were least expected, and long galleries without an opening except at each end. The rooms were chiefly lofty and airy, and yet there was a sensation of dulness, and even desolation, connected with them, which often became oppressive, especially on bleak afternoons. The inmates of the house had of course, by practice, acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the apartments in use, which constituted about a third of the mansion,—a stranger gradually ascertained the nearest way from his bed-room to the dining-parlour and drawing-room,—but of the relative situations of the unoccupied chambers, I doubt if any person were aware. Two or three of the servants had their respective and different ways of proceeding on the rare occasion of having to explore those regions, and I myself, who had in the pride of geometrical knowledge volunteered to map out the various stories, was finally baffled, and forced to relinquish the task, by the multiplicity of enormous closets which crossed the landing-places, and isolated rooms upon which one came by accident, and failed to discover a second time. I revenged myself upon the edifice by defining it as a noble specimen of Intoxicated Architecture.

You may think I am dealing lightly with a narrative which I have described as a painful one, but I am rather endeavouring to give you an idea of the successive effects which the scene and the incidents produced upon myself. They have receded far enough from me to allow me to detail them with much more clearness than I can bring to the description of events of the last ten years.

I returned to the Rectory as often as my college life would permit, and it was upon my third visit there that I perceived a strange change in Algernon Parke.

His manner to me was warm and cordial as before, but the alteration was in his conduct to Emily. Did I mention to you that his behaviour to her had previously been marked by the most sedulous attention, but that there was an absence of the fondness of affection which I had expected to see, and which her youth and extreme beauty, coupled with her admiring devotion to him, might have elicited from even a prouder and colder man than Parke? In short, I had hardly known whether to be vexed or pleased at not finding Algernon adoring the lovely girl whom I thought perfection. We are curious creatures, and the feelings alternated in my heart until I was almost ashamed of my exertions to define, and so to fix, my sentiments on the subject. But now all was altered, and in place of the calm attentive regard which Algernon had hitherto manifested towards his wife, there had arisen a lover-like ardour of anxiety and tenderness, which kept him constantly at her side—a perpetual watch for every word she uttered, over every

movement she made—an untiring, unceasing homage, which, as it appeared to me, would have better suited the brief and glowing courtship of some young Italian musician, inspired by his love, his art, and his skies, than the married state of an English clergyman of mature age and reserved habits. The phenomenon puzzled me beyond measure. I sought for ordinary reasons for it, in vain. I had, of course, been favoured, in my time, with explanations of the curious influence over the husband with which the honours of maternity invest the wife. Emily, it is true, had a second time added to her family, and two more beautiful children than the little Louisa and Henry Parke I have never seen; but the devotion of Algernon to his wife was now so unreasonably intense that even the mysterious agency in question, taxed to its fullest extent, was insufficient to account for his bearing towards her. In ordinary matters he was unchanged, except that he certainly seemed to seek conversation more than he had been accustomed to do; as far as concerned myself, with the amiable self-complacency of youth, I attributed this to my own enlarged and edifying habits of discussion. One thing I observed—he spoke with far more rapidity than upon my former visits.

The children were very lovely. Louisa, the elder, whom I had seen crawling on the rug on my first visit to the Rectory, was now a merry little sylph of four years old, an infantile copy of her beautiful mother's features, but with a profusion of golden hair, and with deep blue eyes. Her ringing laugh was always ready to welcome me—I was her decided favourite, friend, and confidant. She loved me, I believe, very sincerely, but she worshipped the dogs which were invariably my companions. Their affectionate attentions to her were her delight, and the figure of the wild little fairy, tugging laughingly at the ears or tail of the wistful but uncomplaining Ponto or Sancho, is fresh as if sixty years had not divided us.

Henry, the boy, was a year younger than his sister, and a contrast to her in everything but beauty. His grave-eyed meekness suited his appearance well; and his tranquillity, especially when taken under the patronage of the high spirits of Louisa, was very winning. He, too, was a great ally of the dogs; but whereas Miss Louisa's pleasure was in exciting them into frolics kindred with her own, her brother loved to lie for hours with one animal for a pillow, while the head of the other rested in his lap. You are at my mercy here, and must bear with my miniature-painting—it is all part of the picture.

The fondness of my cousin for her beautiful children was excessive, and rivalled that of Algernon for herself; but it was so natural and graceful, that I, who was at an age when to the foolish eye of a boy the earnestness of maternal affection is not always pleasing, could not but be charmed with the love manifested towards them by Emily. Algernon's conduct to the children was, however, inexplicable. He would stand gazing at them for long periods, with looks of affection and delight; but he invariably recoiled from their contact or approach, and in a marked manner shunned the morning and evening kiss with which they had been accustomed to salute him. Once, when Emily suddenly pressed the face of her boy to that of its father, he turned deadly pale, and hastily left the room. She never repeated the experiment—its failure was perhaps the only thing in which for many months Algernon crossed her wishes: his devotion continued unabated.

TROJAN, THE SERVIAN KING.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[Servian legends are not, I believe, commonly known. The following, which is a very curious one, is taken from the introduction to a collection of Polish traditions, by M. Woycicki. The poetical prose in which it is written, and the dash of puerility, seem to me very effective.—J. O.]

I.

"QUICKLY give me my horse! quickly bring it hither! The sun has long vanished. The moon and stars are already shining, and the dew already glistens on the meadows. The south wind blows no more, and if it does, 'tis no more heating, but cooling. So quickly to horse! Every moment's delay is time lost. With beating heart has the black-eyed virgin already long awaited me. With the speed of the hurricane or of the eagle do I fly on my swift-footed steed, because the night is so short and the day is so long, and I can only live at night-time."

Thus spake Trojan, king of the valiant Servians, who could not endure the rays of the sun. Never had he seen the light of beaming day. For if a single ray had shone on the head of Trojan, he would have passed away as a cloud, and his corpse would have been dew.

II.

The obedient squire brings the horse from the stable. Trojan flings himself on it, and will away. His faithful servant follows him.

"So fresh and cool! 'Tis the right time for me!" cries Trojan, joyfully. "The stars, indeed, are shining, and so is the moon; yet their pale beams are without warmth. The pearly dew, like white coral, covers the green meadow, and in every drop can I see the form of the stars and the face of the moon. What a stillness prevails! Nothing disturbs my mind, scarcely when the hoarse voice of the owl sounds from the dark wood."

"Oh, my sovereign," replied the squire, "I prefer the sun and the hot day, even though its beams do glow and give warmth, to the gloomy shades of night. Then am I quite blind, and the most lovely colours become black—the violet, the rose, and the scented elder-blossom. And at night everything slumbers—the birds, the beasts, and man. Only to the wanderer does a solitary light beam from the village by the road-side; only the faithful guardian of the house awakens the echo with his barking, when he sees a wolf or something strange. As the billows of the sea, as the waving corn-field when stirred by the wind, so does the echo move and incline itself on all sides. No bird interrupts the silence of night, for the minstrel of the spring—the lark, flies merrily over the green meadow, when wakened by the beams of morning, and greets the shining day with the sun. At night she sleeps, like every other creature, to refresh her strength. But we, O king, pursue our way in the shades of night."

III.

A fair mansion was shining in the distance—a light glistened in every window. There did the beloved of Trojan await his embrace.

Trojan lashed his steed with increased severity, and flew along with the swiftness of a dart. Quickly does he go over the bridge of linden-wood, and over the paved court. Now he springs from his horse, and enters the well-known halls.

Long stood the squire, holding his horse by the bridle, till sleep oppressed his eyelids. At last he sprang up, and said, "The cock is already crowing! I must awake my king. Far is the way to the castle, and the day will soon dawn."

He approaches the door of the chamber, and knocks with all his strength: "Awake, my lord! Awake, my king! It will soon be day. Let us quickly mount our steeds, and return to the castle."

"Disturb me not in my sleep," cried Trojan, angrily; "I know better when the day dawns—when the signal of my death—when the sun sends down its first beams. Wait without with the horses."

The obedient squire answered not a word, but waited a long time. He gazed before him, and with horror he saw the first breaking of the dawn. He again ran in hastily, and still more loudly knocked at the door of the dark chamber.

"Awake, my sovereign!" cried he, in despair. "I have already seen the dawn of morning. If thou stayest a moment longer, the rays of the sun will kill thee."

"Yet wait a moment; I will at once hasten hence. If I can but mount my steed before the dawn is awake, and the clear sun shines, I shall be soon in my castle."

The obedient squire waited long. At last Trojan came; he mounted his steed, and fled with the speed of an arrow.

IV.

He had scarcely crossed the paved court and the bridge of linden-wood, when the clear light came towards him from beyond the mountain.

"That is the sun!" cried the squire, with terror.

"Then the moment of my death is near!" replied Trojan, with suppressed rage. "I will alight from my horse, and press my poor body close to the damp earth. Do thou cast thy mantle over me, and about sunset fetch me with my courser." And he sprang trembling from his horse, and sunk exhausted on the damp earth, while the faithful squire carefully spread the mantle over the poor king. He then hastened to the castle, and knocked at the iron gates.

"Open, porters—open, quickly!" cried he, trembling with alarm. Down fell the drawbridge, the squire entered the gate, and summoned all the servants. "Where is the king? Where is Trojan?" they all ask; and he points with tears to the courser. "The king lies in the field, on the damp earth; his body is covered with a mantle, and at sunset I shall fetch him with the courser."

V.

It was a sultry day; not a breeze was stirring, and the sun scorched like fire. Trojan trembled beneath his mantle with heat and fear, and he swore, that if he escaped, he would never again wait the approach of dawn.

The shepherds went to tend their flocks, and they came up to Trojan. They looked, and they saw a mantle; they raised it, and they saw a

man; and then they pulled it away entirely. Trojan shrieked, and entreated them by all that was dear to them—"Cover me again with the mantle; let me not burn in fire!"

In vain does he entreat them, for the sun is shining brightly, and its rays fall straight upon Trojan's face. Suddenly he is silent; his eyes are turned to two drops of liquid; head, neck, and breast have flowed away, and soon the whole body appears changed to tears. The corpse of Trojan shines for a moment like dew, but even these drops are soon dried up by the melting beams of day.

VI.

At sunset the faithful squire hastens into the field, with the servants of the castle; but Trojan is not there. He only sees the mantle, and he wrings his hands, and weeps bitterly. Vain are thy tears! They will not awaken the king.

Of Trojan's castle nought is now left but ruins, and in his dark hall, where the sun once never shone, it now beams brightly on the nests of the swallows, and dries the damp walls.

THE TWIN GIANTS.

A LEGEND OF THE CLIFTON ROCKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PORCELAIN TOWER."

PART THE SECOND.

THE pickaxe continued its labours to ply,
Still changing each hour its master:
By Goram 'twas mostly allow'd to lie by,
But it work'd, when with Vincent, the faster,—
Imagine that six times each day it has been sent
From Vincent to Goram, from Goram to Vincent.

'Twas their practice, when in turn
Each resign'd it to the other,
With great force the axe to throw,
Calling loud to warn his brother:
Whence the advantage they might earn
(Which to such long legs was small)
That they were not forced to go
From their own canals at all.

Thus, six or eight times every day,
They saved some forty strides each way:
And if you reckon, you'll find accrue
From 40×2 ,
And that $\times 7$, (on which we fix
As medium between 8 and 6,)
A daily save, (and time besides,)
Of 560 strides;
And this some object would appear
To giants whose toils were so severe.

Summer had resumed her berth
In the cabin of the earth;
And whilst that great ship drove on
Round the island of the Sun,
(Thence appearing like a speck,)
Autumn kept the watch on deck.

'Twas the month when mists begin
 Over lake and land to spread;
 Over tree and over brook,
 Giving things a shadowy look
 Like the regions of the dead.
 When the air is free from din;
 When the skies are grey and sober:
 When the leaves turn red and umber,
 And, descending in thick number,
 All the prattling streams encumber:
 'Twas the month of "brown October."

'Twas a morn so dim and grey
 With the mists, that every way,
 Out of water, wood, and clay,
 Thick and reekingly arose,
 That the giants, as they lay,
 At the opening of the day,
 Could not see to count their toes.
 And that which Goram took to be,
 At first, the outline of a tree,
 Proved a fungus on his nose.

Nevertheless, his daily toil
 Vincent undertook with zeal,
 Rubbing first his limbs with oil
 To keep out the frosty feel:
 For which purpose he made use
 Of a slice of spermaceti,
 Such as might have furnish'd juice
 To illuminate a city.
 Having work'd an hour or so,
 As by guess he might discover,
 (For his dial could not go
 Since the sun was under cover,)
 He, with most potential throw,
 Hurl'd the pickaxe towards his neighbour,
 Calling loud to let him know
 That it was his hour of labour.
 Well he knew the right direction
 For the instrument's projection
 Towards the top of Goram's hill:
 Through the air he heard it sounding—
 Then its fall and its rebounding;
 After which, the whole surrounding
 Atmosphere again grew still:
 And, whilst breakfast was preparing,
 With anxiety he gave ear
 To detect the sound, declaring
 That his brother was removing
 Rock and earth, and thus improving
 In his inattentive behaviour;
 For it pain'd him much to find
 How entirely Goram's mind
 Was to idleness inclined.

Long he listen'd, but no sound
 Waken'd up the weary echoes
 That, in every glen around,
 Lay in tranced silence bound,
 Calm as Leman's lake or Lecco's.
 Not a sound except of snakes
 Rustling through the oaks and hornbeams;
 Crocodiles in reedy brakes
 Barking at the sun's forlorn beams;

Hippopotamuses lowing,
Rivers rippling in their flowing,
And far-off whales their noses blowing.

So, deeming Goram was asleep,
And that his slumber must be deep
Because his shout had fail'd to wake him,
Vincent put on a thoughtful frown,
And, stepping over Durdam Down,*
Resolved to pull his ears and shake him,
To make the drowsy god forsake him.

Why do Vincent's eyeballs glare
With a glance so wild and horrid?
Why doth Vincent tear his hair?
Why doth Vincent slap his forehead?
Why his teeth doth Vincent grate,
Sounding like a prison-gate?
Why a groan doth Vincent smother?
Signs of grief that knoweth no bar—
—'Tis that he hath slain his brother:
Slain his brother with a crowbar.

For when Vincent with energy hurl'd through the air
His crowbar, or pickaxe, or what you may term it,
It came where poor Goram yet slept in his chair,
As fast as a rock and as still as a hermit,
And without any preface or sort of apology,
Came plump on his cranium and spoil'd his phrenology.

Yea, it came down in thunder,
Excited his "Wonder,"
Parted his "Firmness" quite asunder,
Injured his "Self-Esteem" a little,
Crack'd his "Hope," which before was brittle,
Lessen'd his "Weight" and "Size,"
Changed his "Colour" and marr'd his "Form,"
Cool'd his large bump of "Aliment" just as 'twas warm,
With the anticipation of morning victual,
Batter'd his "Order" quite out of its rank,
Reduced his "Number," (from one to a blank,)
Made the last of his "Language" start out at his eyes,
Alter'd all other organs less or more,
But left his "Wit" as it was before.

When Vincent saw this, oh! his blood trickled slow,
And his heart was a vat of concentrated woe,
He'd have given his pasture, his newts, his renown,
To have put Goram's brains nicely back in his crown;
But brains, like the spendthrift's allowance, good lack,
When they've once trickled out there's no getting them back.
"Good lack!" did I say? Nay, the word I recal,
For the lacking of brains is the worst lack of all.

Poor Vincent repined,
He was wretched in mind,
And to beat out his own brains seem'd almost inclined.
He said many things, but I cannot now mention all—
That the fact of his act had been quite unintentional;
That with malice prepense he was not to be tax-ed in't,
That the dent of the axe had been wholly an accident.
To the hole in the skull with great care he attended;
And thought for awhile if it might not be mended.
He examined the skull from the crown to the brow,
And wish'd to trepan it, but didn't know how.

* An extensive down on the western side of Eristol, between that city, Westbury, and the St. Vincent's Rocks.

He wash'd off the stains
 Of the blood and the brains,
 But deeming it vain to take any more pains,
 Sat down on the rock with a very loud groan :
 You'd have fancied at first
 'Twas a steam-boiler burst,
 And his heart seem'd the weight of a Logan stone.
 He sat on the rock in a sorrowful guise,
 And a glance now and then on his brother he threw,
 As he bent with cross'd feet, and his arms on his thighs,
 And beat on his fingers the devil's tattoo—
 He pored o'er the river that pour'd at his feet,
 And the whole of the day could take nothing to eat.
 And when the night came,
 Though 'twas frosty and frore,
 Still he sat in the same
 Attitude as before.
 And for want of a comrade, refraining from speech,
 Kept his eyes on the shadows,—so motionless each,
 So like in their form—of himself and his brother—
 But he scarcely could recognise one from the other.

But ere night had reach'd its noon
 Vincent fell into a swoon—
 Sure an angel brought the boon,
 For, whilst therein he lay entranced,
 Behold a spirit came to him,
 And told him that for what had chanced,
 None could attribute blame to him ;
 And that 'twas quite in vain to mourn
 For accidents and chances—
 What can't be alter'd must be borne,
 And vain regret enhances
 The mischief done, since it detracts
 Our energies from useful acts—
 Thus hind'ring their advances.

When morning broke, and Vincent woke,
 He thought upon his vision ;
 And deem'd that sleep had given a peep
 Into some land elysian.
 And all the words the spirit spoke
 Came back to his remembrance,
 And seem'd like oil to soothe the smart,
 And cheer the gloom about his heart,
 With lights as strong as Rembrandt's.
 So having wiped his cheeks and brow,
 And making quick resolve, and vow
 He would the spirit's plan try—
 To think no more of slight mishaps,
 He made a breakfast from the scraps
 Of hapless Goram's pantry.
 And found his axe, whose edge was dull,
 With having fallen on Goram's skull,
 Not having been intended
 For harder work than hewing rocks ;
 And clear'd from it the bloody locks,
 And brains from Goram's wisdom-box—
 Its broken handle mended—
 And sharpen'd it upon a stone ;
 And when this task was ended,
 In a new channel of their own
 His cogitations wended.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

I.

IN Spain as well as in Portugal the children have a language peculiar to themselves: instead of *carne*, a term common to both countries, they call meat *chicha*, a fowl *pipi*, &c. Many of these little creatures are so unusually precocious, even at the age of two or three, as to imagine themselves already arrived at years of discretion, and make no scruple of addressing each other, when in the slightest degree offended, by the high-sounding appellations of *hombre* and *muger*—man and woman.

II.

The number *four* is generally used by Spaniards to express any indefinite quantity: in common conversation, where we are apt to say at random, "twice as much," "ten times as many," &c., with them it is always *four* times. For instance, if you ask a Spaniard whether he has seen this or done that, he will probably, if he answer in the affirmative, say, *mas de cuatro veces*—more than four times.

III.

The ordinary salutation which a person entering a house or cottage in Spain addresses to those within is—

"Ave Maria purisima!"—(Hail, purest Mary!)

which is immediately answered by—

"Sin pecado concebida!"—(Conceived without sin);

and on taking leave, the usual farewell is—

"Vayase V. M. con Dios!"—(God speed you!)

the invariable reply to which is—

"Quedase V. M. con Dios!"—(Abide in God!)

IV.

There is no want of national pride among the Spaniards: high and low, rich and poor, all agree at least in one opinion—viz., that Spain is the finest country, and the Spaniards the finest people in the universe. Their comparative esteem of other nations contrasted with their own is expressed in the following proverb:—

"Ingles borracho,
Frances gabacho,
Holandes mantequero,
Español gran caballero."

(The Englishman is a drunkard, the Frenchman a dirty fellow, the Dutchman a butterman, the Spaniard a gentleman.)

V.

In many Spanish cities, the inhabitants are accustomed to celebrate the festival of their patron saint by going in procession on the preceding evening to his chapel, which is generally erected at a little distance from the town. There they make large fires, around which they sleep, and usher in the next day with music and dancing. This takes

place only when the *fiesta* happens to be in summer, no such respect being paid to any saint whose anniversary occurs in winter. In ancient times, when pilgrimages to Rome were more frequent, certain of the inhabitants, selected from the different towns, used to proceed thither in honour of their respective saints; this being found inconvenient, the ceremonies now in use were substituted. A trace of their origin may be found in their name, *Romerias*.

It is said that a certain pious Catholic, being present at one of these annual commemorations on St. John the Baptist's Day, which falls on the 24th of June, was asked by a Spaniard what he thought of the dancing. He answered, that he liked it well enough, but that he doubted whether it could be so much to St. John's taste, as *he* lost his head for a dance.

VI.

It is related of Catania, an Italian doctor of great celebrity in Lisbon, that on his first arrival in that city, his sole property consisted of the clothes on his back and a large trunk filled with paving-stones. Followed by six porters, bearing his "luggage," he entered the principal hotel, and selected a room for himself with strongly-grated and barred windows, hinting at the same time to the landlord, that he had articles of incalculable value with him. On going out of the house next day, he carefully double-locked the door of his apartment, leaving the strictest injunctions that no one should enter it. Days and weeks elapsed, and the host began to calculate the probable amount due to him by his strange lodger, without, however, suspecting for a moment the inability of that individual to discharge his debt. Meanwhile, report had spread abroad through Lisbon the arrival of a foreigner with a mysterious treasure, until the story finally reached the king's ears, who took it into his head that the new comer must be a secret agent of the *carbonari*.

One morning shortly afterwards, Catania was honoured by a visit from the inspector of police, who informed him that it was his majesty's pleasure the trunk should be opened. The Italian remonstrated, but in vain—the officer was resolute, until, as a last resource, Catania whispered that the box contained nothing but stones. The inspector, concluding he meant *precious* stones, returned to the king with this information, and received further orders to open the suspicious trunk without delay. Finding every attempt to dissuade him ineffectual, Catania assumed a mysterious air, and begged the inspector at all events to examine it privately, to which the latter agreeing, he dismissed the inquisitive landlord, who had followed him into the room. The box was soon opened, and the stones discovered. On the result of the examination being communicated to the king, he laughed heartily, and not only paid Catania's debt, but, finding him tolerably acquainted with the rudiments of medicine, conferred on him a doctor's diploma. Bravo, Jeremy Diddler!

VII.

The magnificence with which the funeral of Lope de Vega was celebrated gave rise to a popular proverb, associating the poet's name with any unusual exhibition of splendour:—" *Que banquete de Lope!*" "*Que joya de Lope!*" were the highest epithets of praise that could be conferred on the most princely banquet or rarest jewel.

VIII.

Notwithstanding this posthumous celebrity, Lope de Vega, like many other masters of the "gentle craft," had little reason to boast of any undue partiality shewn him by fortune during his lifetime. In his preface to the *Verdadero Amante*, dedicated to his son, he says, "I have written nine hundred plays, twelve books on divers subjects in prose and verse, and so many loose papers on various topics, that the number printed will never equal the quantity still unpublished;" adding, that the fruits of his labour have been the enmity, censure, and envy of others, the loss of time, and the attainment of old age, without the power of leaving any legacy to his son except his advice—viz., to pursue his studies diligently, but to avoid poetry.

IX.

The Spaniards have an endless variety of short proverbs, in rhyme and blank verse, which they chant in a monotonous sing-song tone. The following are specimens of their "proverbial philosophy:"—

"Casa tu hija como pudieres, y tu hijo como quisieres."

(Marry your daughter as you can, and you may marry your son as you will.)

"Los dineros del sacristan cantando se vienen, y contando se van."

(The sacristan's money comes by singing—i.e., chanting in church—and goes by singing—i.e., in the winehouse.)

"Las mugeres y las gatas
Son de una misma familia,
Que, en haciendoles caricias,
A lo mejor nos arañan."

Which may be rendered thus:—

Women and cats must kindred claim,
Their habits closely match;
If one or other we caress,
We're sure to get a scratch.

X.

It has been stated by many Spanish writers, and especially by the Padre Isla, that Le Sage has no claim to the authorship of "Gil Blas," but that it was originally written by an Andalusian lawyer, as a satire on two successive prime ministers at Madrid. The Padre adds, that the manuscript was confided by its author to Le Sage, by whom it was translated into French, and subsequently printed in Paris, the lawyer not relishing the probable consequences of publishing such a work in Spain. There is, moreover, says the worthy Father, sufficient internal evidence in the book itself to prove that it was written during the reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV., the ministers of those sovereigns being the individuals satirized. Now, as Le Sage was born in 1677, the year in which Philip IV. died, he could not have visited Spain as secretary to the French ambassador until the close of that century, or perhaps the commencement of the next, by which time probably "Gil Blas" had been almost forgotten, as the production of an anonymous and unknown author.

The recent editor of the Padre's Spanish translation of the work, Don Evaristo Peña y Marín, asserts that it has lately been ascertained beyond all doubt that Le Sage never visited Spain, but that he derived not only this but every other Spanish work published in his

name from the library of the Marquis de Lyonne, ambassador from Paris to Madrid in 1656, whose love of the Spanish language induced him to purchase a large collection of unpublished manuscripts, the translation of which afterwards rendered the name of Le Sage so celebrated. This, he says, is proved beyond all question by the numerous errors into which the translator has fallen (from an inability to decipher the manuscript) with respect to Spanish names, as well of persons as of places, mentioned in the original.

PEOPLE WHO PAY DOUBLE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

NELSON, when he had but one arm to do battle with, had still two legs to stand to his colours on; so may honesty, with reduced means, with hundreds cut down to fifties—honesty, put as it were upon half-pay—be still seen upright, strong on its feet, and holding to its principle.

But how if bravery, when bereft of a limb, have to do double duty! How if honesty, when impoverished, be doomed to pay double!

Nothing more widely-spread, in this country, than poverty; and nothing more narrowly judged of and understood. When we look at the poor—the *paying* poor, who breathe the free air of merry England just outside the workhouse gates—we recognise the chief necessity of their condition, in the duty to persevere, summer and winter, in a rigid and self-denying economy. But we rarely stop to note the working of a more cruel necessity in their lot—we do not mark that they are the victims to an incessant and inevitable extravagance.

We overlook the fact that the poor cannot economize. To possess too little, and to pay too much, are the chief features of their destiny. To stint, to spare, to make hard shift, to feel that the half-farthing will be practically in countless bargains a saving coin to them—yet to be constantly, hopelessly, necessarily extravagant—this is the lot of the poor.

Our talk all the year round is of the cheapest markets. These are exactly the markets to which the poor can never repair.

“Act upon my plan,” cries Mr. Fitz-cræsus, thrusting his hands into his breeches-pockets; “everybody should do as I do. Come, I’ll let you into my secret. Always buy the best. If you want to save, buy the best of everything. It’s the cheapest in the end.”

Fitz-cræsus is right; but then the poor are not “everybody.” The poor, while they want to save, must buy the worst of everything—the dearest in the end. Their slenderness of means ever prevents them from securing a bargain. The price of the best, the cheapest in the end, obliges them to take the bad. With the most urgent necessity to economize, they are driven helplessly upon the improvident course. For the happy “end” they cannot wait; they must begin at once with what the deeply-skilled in the arts of true cheapness wisely reject.

The only riches that fall in the way of the poor are rich maxims, dropping like diamonds from the lips of the affluent.

“I buy three pairs of boots at a time—they last four times as long as a single pair.” “I always pay six-and-twenty for my hat—it lasts out half-a-dozen cheap ones.”

And the poor mechanic, with his saved-up sixpences, and these gra-

tuitous gems of economy jingling together in his ears, passes on unprofitably, to buy his country-made shoes, and his sieve-like gossamer. He has not half enough money to purchase the cheapest. He bids as little as he may for the dearest in the end—which end very soon arrives—next Sunday, if it should happen to rain!

The food which nourishes him not, the raiment which wears and washes away with ruinous rapidity, the poor man must be contented to secure—contented amidst his wants to be ever deepening them—contented to pay double, in virtue of the excess of his poverty. He knows his ill-fate, in this respect, but may not control it. Cheapness he esteems to be the peculiar, the enviable privilege of the rich.

But such as his purchases are, they are made at the lowest prices, nominally?—on what is called “advantageous terms?” Seldom. The little shopkeeper with whom he deals is obliged to get credit, and obliged to give it. The poor customer probably never possessed in all his days so much as a single week’s wages in advance of the world’s claims upon him. That scanty pittance, the receipt whereof gladdens his inmost soul on a Saturday, is not capital, but income. It is not often to be spent at his will, here or there; but to be paid in quarters where it is already due. He must repair to the same familiar shop, rub off the regular score, and be, as usual, re-supplied. He may see in another window cheese more eligible, or a preferable style of pork; but his dealings are circumscribed—his little ready cash is bespoke. As the grand world boasts but one boot-maker, so his little world contains but one baker. He cannot always choose his mart even for dear bargains.

Are there no other drains, peculiar to the nature of poverty, upon his slender resources? Several. But we shall exhibit enough when we shew the tendency to waste, the unavoidable extravagance, of purchasing in every instance the very smallest quantities. The poor find out this hardness of their condition; but still unavailingly. They are obliged to watch for the turn of the scale, yet they lose some grains continually. Their provisions, if they could keep a little store, would improve in quality, and go further. Their half-ounce of something will serve but for one occasion, one meal; but could they have afforded to lay in a whole ounce, it might have served three times. Never by any turn in the course of fortune, can the cheapest way be opened to the poor. Every road has a turnpike for them; and as others seem to do on Sundays only, they pay double every day.

The poor receive with one hand, but they pay with both. We observe them living “from hand to mouth;” but when the hand barely reaches the mouth, and the effort and the strain grow greater day by day, we merely moralize on the evils of improvidence, and not on the impossibility of economizing, after the fashion of wealthier professors, who exult in “laying in a stock,” and securing the “cheapest in the end.”

To pay double, however, is not the exclusive affliction of the poor; nor is the attainment of cheapness the easy privilege of the rich. The man of wealth, like the man of need, must almost necessarily pay double. His wide-necked purse may distend or collapse at his will, but he must generally, against his will, pay double. He may choose his servants, and change his tradesmen; but there are invariably two to one against him; and the continual consequence is, the abominable double payment.

He pays the highest premium for confidential servants, who plunder him *cum privilegio*, and play the cankerworm *sub rosâ*. He gives the best wages, that his trusty servitors may be beyond the reach of temp-

tation; and they sell his wax-lights to his own chandler before they have burnt half way. This is surely burning the candle at both ends, or, in other words, paying double.

The only choice he has is, not whether he will pay too much or enough, but whether the sum to be purloined from him shall be extracted from the right-hand pocket or the left. He may reduce his establishment, and keep but a single servant; yet a single servant is quite sufficient to make a man pay double. He may so watch the solitary extortioner, so cramp him in his sphere of action, so bind him down upon the rack of undeviating honesty, as to prevent all ordinary inroads upon his own pocket; but to do this, he must spend more in time than he can save in cash; more in labour than a statute-fair could relieve him from; more in health than his physician could restore him in fifty visits. It would be the very extravagance of economy. He would rob himself of his peace to save his purse. He would hang himself in a twelvemonth, through sheer anxiety to prevent another from incurring the penalty. He must keep his eyes open in sleep, and receive his guests by the kitchen-fire. He must be prepared to die the death of a martyr every day he lived; which would be paying the debt of nature—oh! more than double.

But without rendering himself a slave to servants or tradesmen, the rich man may exercise an ordinary sagacity, and forestal the practiser of imposition, by striking off as an overcharge one half of the amount of every demand made upon him. Still, has he any security—granting that his deduction is assented to—that he is not agreeing even then to pay double?

“Five hundred is too much for the mare, Mr. Sharpe; two hundred and fifty is my maximum.” “Ruinous!” returns Mr. Sharpe; “but I must trouble your lordship to draw the check.” And the rich man still pays double.

Such is the tenour of every verse throughout the chapter. An individual is seldom so cunning as the world; and the world is ever lying in ambush near the rich man’s pocket. If to counteract the effect of his losses, and to retort the aggressions which he cannot avoid, he sues his debtors, or squeezes his tenants without due secrecy and method, then the world pounces, not upon his pocket, but his reputation. He is damaged in character, ruined in temper, hurt a little perhaps in conscience—and thus, again, to avoid the evil of overcharge, he pays double in another way. The rich know that they are expected to pay, not at an *ad valorem* rate, but according “to their own honour and dignity;” which exactly doubles that of the class half-way down in the gulf of society.

Then it must be *this* class of persons, who seem to have just enough for their wants without a superabundance, by whom the penalty of paying double is felicitously avoided! We should judge hastily in so deciding. They have their debts, and duns, and difficulties, and consequently their double payments—like the notoriously rich and the notoriously poor. They borrow money at a hundred per cent., for the purpose, as they prettily phrase it, of settling with their creditors, and starting clear. They expect to receive cash in September, and therefore buy upon trust in spring what they could get at half-price with ready money in the autumn. They promise to pay, and really *do* pay—for the stamp on which the promise is written. Then follow law-expenses, and these soon leave mere *double* payments far in the dis-

tance. When the prison-door is double-locked upon them, they find that they have been paying both in money and repute—destroying their credit for probity, by actually giving forty shillings for a sovereign. If they can raise the wind high enough to blow them over the walls, they turn out to be rigid economists; and call a hackney-coach to drive to a cheap shop two miles off for a half-crown pair of gloves.

“Misfortunes never come single;” and if there be people, as some think there are, who deem the payment of debts a misfortune, they must of course pay double. We have heard of persons who pay beforehand, and who, being looked upon as the worst of paymasters, are made to pay again. This species of liquidator is fast dwindling away, and will soon be as extinct as Old Double himself, who died in the time of Shallow.

But Money (Heaven be praised!) is not the only substantial thing in this world of debtor and creditor. There is such an article as Love; but with the desperate determination of securing it, men, corrupted by habit in pecuniary affairs, will not scruple now and then to pay double—paying their addresses, that is to say, to two ladies at a time—or to one rather rapidly after the other. Then there is the social principle, which involves the paying of visits; and these are sometimes paid double, by guests who linger with the door in their hand an unconscionable time; promising, when they do go, to return speedily and spend a long day with you.

So, too, there are other purchases than those made in the cheap markets, which rich and poor have such difficulty in finding. Men buy fame and glory apparently at a marvellously cheap rate—by the mere expenditure of sixty years of their lives, or at the total cost of their domestic happiness and quiet. But when they have bought fame and glory, they find themselves imperatively obliged to expend whatever may remain of liver or intellect, of worldly ease or moral energy, in protecting their purchases from the libeller, the detractor, the assassin. What a painful, what a sickening exhibition have we here, of the common lot—to pay double!

Self-love, no less than enmity, often enforces the double payment. The irascible and the obstinate, for example, inflict the evil upon themselves. The hasty unjust expression, at once recalled, seldom re-acts with fearful echoes in the breast of the utterer. But he has spoken it, and pride forbids him to retract; the summons to unsay it only irritates him to a fiercer extent; the consciousness that he is wrong galls him into a resolution to make bad worse; and the little word, the honourable admission, which frankly offered at first would have been received as an atonement, and have purchased him peace, deepens into the abject apology, a jury's verdict against a slanderer, or the dying groan of a duellist.

To obviate a gloomy ending, which our little essay needs not, we shall offer a simple suggestion. The surest way to prepare ourselves for a just and necessary resentment of injuries, is to cultivate a faith in kindness, and to yield to instincts of generosity. There is at least one situation in life, and it is by no means of rare occurrence to any man, in which with immense advantage to ourselves we may liquidate a debt as it were by double entry, and savingly discharge a claim twice over. Reader, as often as you may experience that invaluable blessing—a liberal and timely opportunity of returning a kindness—**PAY DOUBLE.**

THE PLAGUE AND THE FIRE.

SUGGESTED BY THE ROMANCE OF "OLD SAINT PAUL'S."

BY MISS SKELTON.

A MIGHTY city lay in sleep, 'neath the dusk of a moonless night,
But the starlight touch'd its thousand spires each with a gleaming light;
The starlight shew'd its countless homes, its halls of pomp and pride,
And its marble, peopled terraces, and its river rolling wide.

And I saw, betwixt the heavens and earth, two ghastly shapes arise,
Shadowing the city's silent depths, clouding the starry skies—
Angels of death, denouncing doom—visions of wrath, they came;
One, formless in its utter gloom—one, bright with blinding flame.

The Spirits of the Plague and Fire!—I knew them as they rose,
And I listen'd for the awful words that would tell of coming woes.
No eye save mine that sight might see, no ear save mine might hear,
As o'er the guilty city pass'd that sound of grief and fear.

First, from the darker phantom broke a loud and wailing cry,
"I summon ye,—oh! fated ones,—I summon ye to die!
Long have your crimes for vengeance call'd—the word is given on high,
And vengeance comes—to-night is yours, to-morrow ye shall die!

"Death is already at your gates, his dart is raised to strike,
And young and old, and rich and poor, I summon ye alike;
And fair, and proud, and great, and brave, as autumn leaves ye fall—
The grave is dug, the pit is deep—I summon one and all.

"Nought shall avail; virtue and truth shall die, with lust and pride;
I claim the parent from the child, the bridegroom from the bride;
I claim the old man's snow-white hairs—the babe's unsullied breath,
And the love whose passionate excess might conquer *all*—save *death*.

"I summon all—all these are mine!"—thus the dark phantom cried,
While peals like thunder growling round in sullen echoes died.
Then spoke the Angel, bright with flame—"Oh, city proud and gay,"
My brother claims your guilty sons, and you shall be my prey!

"I your polluted streets and halls will cleanse with living fires—
I will scorch your temples into dust, I will strike your stately spires;
Thy mighty ones shall bite the earth, thy lofty shall lie low—
We bring the mandate from on high—we doom thee wrath and woe!"

I saw the signs—I heard the words—then day was slowly born,
And the bright Angel, girt with flame, fled from the light of morn;
But in thick mist the dark shape sank, o'er streets and river down,
And with the morrow came the Plague to that devoted town.

THE STORM.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

By Heaven, it is a fearful thing,
To watch the surges rise!
To view the ship, with airy wing,
Approach the low'ring skies!

To hear the stormy sea-gull's shriek
Affright the sailor's ear;
To list the vessel's lab'ring creak,
To feel the danger near!

To know one narrow plank divides
Eternity from sight,

To watch against the rocking sides
Each billow's crested height!

How, then, in such a moment, kneels
The sinner, harden'd long;
How vain within his soul he feels
The boasting of the strong!

For strength is then so impotent,
One hand alone can save;
One mighty pow'r, in mercy sent,
To wrest us from the grave.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"My ventures are not in one bottom trusted
Nor to one place."—SHAKSPEARE.

XIII.

ELLISTON, in the summer of 1802, received the following communication from his lively friend, Mr. Gore. It is written from Tenby; and it will be curious to notice the great change which the little sea-port must have undergone, and its rapid progress towards a polite state, between the date of his letter and the present time.

"Never, in my days, have I been so disappointed in a place as this. We have neither bread, meat, liquor, horses, conveyances, nor lodging. Alexander Selkirk was not more destitute. We have no clothing but what we carry with us; no water but the sea, and we must fish for our living. All power of description, like the natives themselves, is positively beggared. I verily believe the Esquimaux, lately exhibited in London, to have been an imposture, and that the animal will turn out a mere 'Tenbyite' at last. I made a visit to the small isle of Caldy; it is throughout alive with rabbits, as a cheese is said to be with mites. Their multitudes might inspire even their pavid nature with courage to attack, and brought to my fancy the fate of that unhappy prisoner who, thrown into a blind dungeon, was in one night literally devoured by rats.

"I am in a hovel which is termed an hotel, with less accommodation than a roadside alehouse, and by no means so picturesque. One of the female natives acts in the capacity of landlady, a being resembling the 'Maid' in the comedy of 'Rule a Wife,' as our players are pleased to represent her; with great variety in her face, her eyes being of different colours, and the left side of her nose gone.

"I was yesterday witness to an exhibition which, though greatly ridiculous, was not wholly so, for it was likewise pitiable; and this was in the persons of two individuals who have lately occupied much public attention—I mean the Duke of Bronté, Lord Nelson, and Emma, Lady Hamilton. The whole town was at their heels as they walked together. The lady is grown immensely fat and equally coarse, while her 'companion in arms' had taken the other extreme—thin, shrunken, and, to my impression, in bad health. They were evidently vain of each other, as though the one would have said, 'This is the Horatio of the Nile!' and the other, 'This is the Emma of Sir William!'

"Poor Sir William! wretched, but not abashed, he followed at a short distance, bearing in his arms a *cucciolo*, and other emblems of combined folly. You remember Hogarth's admirable subject, '*Evening*;' it somewhat illustrates the scene I would describe. This distinguished trio are concluding a summer tour; but at Blenheim, I understand, they encountered a rebuff, which must have stung the hero to the quick, the noble family of that domain carefully avoiding any occurrence with the visitors of the mansion. Emma is reported to have said—'Nelson shall have a monument, to which Blenheim shall be but a pigsty!' There is an insolent display about this person, which, while it

is a scandal to her sex, must pain the heart of every Englishman, in its baneful dominion over the mind of so brilliant a commander and so sincere a lover of his country as Nelson.

"After what I have said of Tenby, what think you of a theatre in the town? but such is no less the fact. Truly, it is no bigger than a bulky bathing machine, and bears about the same proportion to Sadler's Wells as a silver penny to a Spanish dollar. They play 'The Mock Doctor' to-night, and the Hero of the Nile is the subject of an address."

Some months subsequent to this correspondence, Mr. Gore, in Elliston's presence, recurring to the subject of the above letter, related many incidents which had been well known to him, connected with the career of Lady Hamilton; some of which, not having made their appearance in memoirs since published of that extraordinary character, we will beg leave, *en passant*, to notice.

Emma Lyon, after quitting the service of the honest tradesman in St. James's Market, which must have been about the year 1777, passed into the family of Mr. Linley, the composer, where she first gave indications of strong natural talent for music, and had the benefit of initiatory instruction in an art in which she afterwards so greatly excelled. Novels and romances, however, engrossing that attention which housemaids are expected to give to other studies, and the "Minerva press" having gained an entire ascendancy over the linen press, she was dismissed; and thus becoming her own mistress, made at least one step towards becoming the mistress of others. That very pretty woman and clever actress, Mrs. Powell, was at this time a servant in a family at Chatham Place, Blackfriars. The two damsels became acquainted, and being of similar dispositions, their hearts were presently open to each other; and as these, together with their heels, were as light as might be, they started on what we should call at the present day "a lark," and in the capacity of ballad-singers made their *entrée* at the Cocksheath camp. Mr. Perry, who was afterwards proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," with his friend Bish, subsequently director of the well-known lottery-office—young men at this period—made a similar excursion to this celebrated dépôt, and in a sutler's booth fell in with the two adventurous girls. The gentlemen were at once struck with their prompt wit and *séduisant* ease of deportment; and though they looked on them as ballad-singers of no common order, yet they verily believed them to be ballad-singers, having no suspicion of their rank, much less of their real elevation as housemaids. Unsuspecting as *Killigrew* and *Sidney** when at the playhouse, in the actual presence of the blonde *Jennings* and dazzling *Price*, equipped as saucy orange girls, they were, nevertheless, not so careless of the *bonne fortune* which the adventure seemed to promise; but rather with the perseverance of *Rochester* and *Brounker*, they determined to trace the damsels to London; for it is nothing more than just to the character of the girls to mention that they had obstinately refused a treat offered them to a tavern, and were now dexterously eluding their suitors, whom they began to look on as persecutors. "Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe," cried the baffled Perry, which, as Emma did not hear nor Bish understand, he might have spared. As to Bish himself,

* See "Memoirs of Count Grammont."

it was hard that *he* should lose a "prize," yet such appeared to be the fate which awaited both, when to their mortification they beheld the wenches suddenly mount a higgler's cart for the purpose of making their final escape.

This was a piece of generalship our cavaliers by no means expected. It was now half-past two on the following morning, and the creaking caravan had already commenced its journey. Perry and Bish had travelled to Cocksheath on horseback, and now, as on a sudden alarum "to arms" they had to seek their steeds. The stables were closed, and the ostler fast asleep, with the other cattle, within. However, by dint of thundering with their sticks and other indications of irritability, the man was roused to a half wakefulness; when opening the door, he received a *coup de bâton* across his shoulders, which brought him to a due sense of animation. The *couchant* animals were started from their repose—the unoccupied beds at a neighbouring inn paid for—and within three quarters of an hour of the fugitives, *Robin Hood* and his companion were in full pursuit. After a gallop of above an hour, during which not a word was exchanged, the horsemen pulled up, and Perry, with a look of ineffable concern, 'said, very wisely,' "The jades have been over cunning for us, and have taken another road." Bish was too blown immediately to reply, but gave some pantomimic indication that he was much of the same opinion. They continued their course, however, at a foot pace, and after spending an hour at an alehouse for the purpose of refreshing their horses, during which time they held their *pie-poudre* court in the highway, Bish taking his seat on a milestone, they resumed their journey towards London. It was now nearly seven o'clock when our two friends, jaded and disappointed, had entered the Kent Road, and were approaching London Bridge, when a loud shout of merriment induced them simultaneously to turn about, and to their unspeakable delight they beheld the caravan, passengers complete, in the act of giving them the "go by." All was again hope and activity. Suddenly the cart stopped, and out jumped one of the girls, Emma, when the vehicle as instantaneously jogged on towards the bridge. Bish's "prize" being "still in the wheel," he stuck close to the caravan, while Perry directed all his attention towards the flying *Daphne*. In a twinkling he lost sight of her. What was to be done? He could not dismount, unless, indeed, at the price of his horse, which at this period of his fortune he could ill afford to do. Wild with vexation, he looked on one side and on the other—paced backwards and forwards, expressing himself in terms that even startled the tired animal, which hardly sustained its master with his additional weight of disappointment. Being now on the centre of the bridge, and casting his eyes over the parapet, he descried Emma in a wherry, taking the down direction of the river. No sooner did she perceive he had discovered her, than she gave most distinct signs of unbounded mirth, waving her ivory arms in token of victory. Ill-starred Perry! In a state of frenzy he sat grinding his teeth and threatening vain revenge; nor did he quit the spot until he saw the little vixen safely ashore, whence she finally vanished amid the gloom of Wapping.

Such was the Cocksheath adventure; but *Robin Hood* and his ally were in fine amply recompensed for all their toil. Bish traced his damsel to her service in Bridge Street, where, if she did not put off

the garb of a princess, she certainly resumed that of a *Cinderella*; through whom a meeting, within a few days, was effected between Perry and Emma, who, from this time, entered on the most agreeable interchange of favours.

XIV.

During the Bath recess, Elliston commenced manager of the pigmy theatres (we might have said bandboxes, but there were neither *band* nor *boxes*) of Wells and Shepton Mallet, where he played everything, from *Macbeth* to *Pantaloön*, so that he very fairly might have been considered a host in himself. On one occasion he made the extraordinary experiment of sustaining the two parts of *Richard* and *Richmond* in the same drama, and this he executed with the most amusing dexterity. *Richmond*, it will be remembered, makes his *entrée* in the last act of the play, when the scenes become alternate in which the king and the earl are before the audience. On making his exit as *Richard*, Elliston dropped his hump from his shoulder, as he would a knapsack, and straightening his leg with the facility of a posture-master, slipped into a bit of pasteboard armour, and, galeated with fresh head-gear, went through the heroic lines of the Tudor prince. Well might the interpolation have been forgiven, "*Myself am to my own turned enemy.*" Going off on the other side of the stage, he was expeditiously again invested with his bison shape, and thrusting a sheet of music into his stocking, was again the vindicator of the Yorkist rose. In this way he carried through the scenes until the last; and when the field was to be decided by personal collision, shifted was the pasteboard to the body of a shifter of scenes, who, being enjoined to say nothing, but fight like a devil, was thus enabled to bear the drama successfully to a close; in which, so far from "six Richmonds in the field," there had not been one; and as to Richard, if "deformed," he was indeed "unfinished," and not unfrequently "but half-made up."

Elliston, active in body as well as mind, in the heyday of youth and spirits, positively gloried in these little shifts and hindrances, transmuting all dilemmas into rosy laughter by an alchemy peculiar to his own genius; and in carrying with success any difficulty like that just recorded, he felt incomparably greater delight than though the affair had gone smoothly from the commencement. His love of fun often got the better of his sense of dignity; and when it is remembered that this latter organ was pretty strongly developed in the character of Robert William, his love of fun must, at times, have been indeed exuberant. He acted *Macbeth* and *Harlequin*, *Hamlet* and the *Clown*; so that by the time he had closed his profitless campaign at Shepton Mallet and Wells, it is a question whether his own characters had not outnumbered his audience. It is recorded in the Memoirs of Macklin, that that singular actor once played the part of *Mercutio*; the reader might almost as well as have suspected Dr. Johnson of the experiment. But whatever Elliston did he did well, and in many instances in these *amateur* experiments he overtopped the original in his own "line of business."

Such was the state of affairs in Somersetshire—light in pocket as in heart—when Elliston was summoned somewhat suddenly to Weymouth, as the king had again visited that place, and had expressed his

pleasure respecting our popular comedian. Elliston thereon, like *Duke Vincentio*, delegates the principalities of Wells and Shepton Mallet to Egan, his trusty *Angelo*. "Be thou at full ourself," said he; "take thy commission." But here all parallel ceases, for the grand *Duke Elliston* never deemed it worth while to resume possession of his dominions; and if vicegerent Egan did behave ill to the ladies in his master's absence, he certainly was never called to account for his misdemeanors.

Elliston, on his re-appearance at Weymouth, had the happiness of finding he had lost no portion of his Majesty's favour since last he had had the honour of acting before the royal party. *Young Marlow*, *Wilding*, and *Tag*, were amongst the several characters in which he was fortunate in pleasing the king; and at his benefit, his Majesty being present, Elliston introduced his daughter Eliza, then only five years old, in a dance; on which occasion, Mrs. Elliston and her sister also made their appearance in the same ballet of action. This was entitled the "Temple of Fame," composed expressly by Mrs. Elliston, quite as full of loyalty as poetry—"Peace the offspring of British valour!"—"King George," an illuminated medallion, with a transparent young woman *volante* above his shoulders, blowing the only trumpet in the playhouse. An additional stanza to "God save the King," telling regenerate France what she was to expect should she ever again dare to meet the British lion in arms, terminated the interesting occasion.

His Majesty this season frequently conversed with Elliston—when, in fact, he visited the theatre; and as this was pretty often, he seemed fulfilling the notion of the celebrated French actor, Baron, who was wont to say that tragic actors should be fondled in the arms of kings.

It being Elliston's property as a "star" to light the king through the narrow mazes of "all the world"—namely, the "stage," it was by no means below the dignity of Majesty to hold communion with his astral guide. George the Third was a good king, and consulted his stars; and although he frequently put more questions to them in a breath than they could reply to in a night, yet it was sufficient to shew he duly acknowledged their intendency.

"Well, well, Elliston," said he, "where—where have you been acting lately?"

"At Wells and Shepton Mallet, your Majesty, in which places I was manager."

"Manager—manager! that wont do—that wont do, eh, Charlotte? Managers go to the wall—get the worst of it." Her Majesty graciously vouchsafed a smile on the attendant comedian.

"It *didn't* do, your Majesty. At Wells I was particularly unfortunate."

"At Wells—Wells!" replied the king, good humouredly, "'mongst the bishops! quite right—quite right; no business with bishops, eh, Charlotte?" Her Majesty here turned a look of slight rebuke upon her lord—"Bishops don't go to plays—no business at plays—you, none with them. Well, well, where next?"

"I returned to Weymouth, where I have redeemed everything in the honour of serving your Majesty."

"Eh, eh?" responded the king, in the same affability of tone and

manner—"What kings better than bishops, eh?—found it out—found it out, Elliston?"

By this time their Majesties had entered the carriage, and the king having taken his seat, cried out, while the horses were withheld one moment to his signal, "Bishops and managers—both a mistake—ought to have known better—eh, eh, Elliston?" and away they drove.*

But neither the gracious hint of the king, the repeated caution of the earl, nor Elliston's own observation on the fate of managers, could restrain him long from a purpose which had gained so powerful a hold on him as that to which we have alluded.

Frank Aicken ("Tyrant" Aicken, as he was called, for the *direct* reason that, by *metathesis*, a later gentleman has been denominated "Tender," namely, from constantly playing the parts of iron-hearted despots and flinty fathers) had rented, for some years, the Liverpool Theatre, and his lease being now about to expire, printed conditions had been circulated in March, for the purpose of re-letting it. The building was now considerably enlarged, and rendered fitting and commodious to meet the convenience of the increased population of this town; but the covenants to which the new lessee was rendered subject, were far from liberal or tempting. The rent, from 350*l.* per annum, was raised to 1500*l.* Each subscriber or proprietor, to the number of thirty, to be entitled to a free transferable ticket, which was to be delivered every morning at the holder's residence, whilst the new lessee was curtailed of many privileges which had hitherto been enjoyed by preceding tenants. Elliston was amongst the first in the field, and in this instance preferred consulting his uncle, before whom he placed so clear and impartial a statement of the question, that the Doctor agreed to become security for two years' rent—namely, 3000*l.* The candidates were, however, numerous and respectable, and the fair prospect of future theatrical prosperity in a town justly esteemed for spirit and liberality, occasioned considerable competition. The old "Tyrant" offered a larger rent than the sum proposed; but the election ultimately fell on the united bidding of Lewis and T. Knight, who, like *Hippias* and *Hipparchus*, now succeeded to the joint investi-

* The royal house of Brunswick had always been attached to theatrical amusements. George II., notwithstanding his imperfect knowledge of the English language, was still fond of going to the play. His Majesty was at Drury Lane Theatre when the Culloden despatches were presented to him. The instant his Majesty had opened them the happy intelligence transpired, and Garrick directed the national anthem to be sung, in which the whole audience joined.

Frederick of Wales, his son, directed Mrs. Devenish (whose first husband was Rowe, the poet) to prepare an edition of Rowe's dramatic works, for the benefit of the young princes, who were in the habit of acting plays at Leicester House. These were under the direction of Quin. The graceful manner in which Prince George delivered his first speech from the throne impelled this celebrated actor to exclaim, "Ah, I taught that boy to speak!"

On the 4th Jan. 1749, the children of his royal highness, with the aid of some juvenile branches of the nobility, performed the tragedy of "Cato," before the court—and the following was the cast:—

<i>Portius</i>	Prince George.	<i>Sempronius</i> ...	Master Evelyn.
<i>Juba</i>	Prince Edward.	<i>Decius</i>	Lord Milsington.
<i>Cato</i>	Master Nugent.	<i>Marcia</i>	Princess Augusta.
<i>Lucius</i>	Master Montague.	<i>Lucia</i>	Princess Elizabeth.

ture of Attic sovereignty. The prosperity which attended the career of these gentlemen very naturally occasioned much chagrin on the part of Elliston that he had been thus baffled on a point which he had so ardently pursued: the speculation terminated very profitably to both Lewis and Knight. They continued lessees till their death; and one of Lewis's family held the theatre until within the last few years, when he retired from the toils of management on a handsome independence.

At one of Elliston's visits to Liverpool, during this negotiation, he took up his quarters at a remarkably neat and well-appointed inn; and finding the landlord a good-humoured fellow, he requested permission to take potluck within the bar, as it would relieve him from the care of ordering his own dinner, and the family hour of two o'clock answered admirably the daily suggestions of his appetite. In this he met with far better success than in his theatrical tenders, for his terms were at once accepted; and so far from any stringent conditions being fixed on the agreement, he met with many indulgences which his new friend, in the twofold capacity of host and husband, seemed willing to concede him. The fact was, the landlord's wife was an extremely merry creature, with considerable pretensions to beauty, or at least prettiness, and a very positive example of the homely benison,—“Laugh and grow fat.” Elliston, though a *volage* in love, to do him justice, had no design in the first instance more *spirituel* than the beef-pudding which constituted the first day's repast; but this *might* have arisen from his total ignorance, at that time, of his landlord being wedded to anything but his business; and now that he discovered “a pretty woman,” as it were “purposely thrown in his way,” we trust our readers will deal mercifully with him, as he had not a single friend at hand from whom he could borrow a shred of morality.

Amidst the coarser wares of Liverpool this *commerce de galanterie* was undoubtedly agreeable, and tended materially to beguile his anxiety during the undetermined theatrical lesseeship—for he was here, in the best sense, a tenant at will, under no obligations to uphold, while all repairs would naturally fall on his landlord. In truth, he passed sundry days, off and on, as it is called, at this very hostel; and whatever business he might have pleaded in the morning, there was at least nothing fictitious in his amusement in the afternoon. “No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures,” says Dr. Johnson; and when frequently our gay comedian, engaged either at backgammon with his twinkling hostess, or telling fortunes from the sixpenny catechism, declared himself the most enviable fellow in the parish, he verily said what he thought. The house was, however, well-ordered; for the good landlord seemed to be quite aware that, if his wife were neglected, *that* defection could easily be supplied; but if the affairs of the house were disregarded, the remedy might not be so readily at hand. He was, therefore, sedulously attentive to business, his only recreation being in the manufacture of artificial flies for trout-fishers—a piece of art in which he was content to excel. As to his little blue-eyed wife, the only duty that devolved on her was that of scolding the maids, for which office, however, her happy temper rendered her totally unfit.

A trifling incident took place in the course of this pleasant *delassement*, which may serve to explain how thoroughly the domestic sky is

influenced by the elementary qualities of the individuals themselves, and unquestionably proving,

" Marriage is a thing, I take it,
Just as the parties choose to make it."

Elliston had been playing—"his custom of an afternoon"—a hit at backgammon with the sprightly mistress of the neatest house of entertainment in Liverpool, and for the most satisfactory of all possible stakes—namely, kisses, (for whether you win or lose, it comes to pretty much the same thing,) and having been singularly unfortunate in his throws, was in the very act of paying his debts, like a gentleman, when the door gently opening, *Boniface* himself entered the apartment. Great and immediate was the confusion, but it was a sense our losing gamester had the undivided impression of, for the frolic of a kitten could scarcely have been less an operation of disregard to the married pair, than this identical *contretemps*, which has been the darling *coup de scène* of half the comedies from the days of Congreve to the new piece of yesterday.

But, in point of fact, the landlord (mild as our old acquaintance "Mr. Tow-wouse") had no eyes at his disposal, the only pair he was possessed of being nervously fixed on a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which he held at that very moment in custody, the contents whereof being just level with the rim, demanded all the dexterity he was master of for its level preservation; and having now taken a lump of sugar from a corner cupboard, and thrown the same into a thimble glass, he took his departure as calmly as he entered, for the purpose of conveying the steaming mixture into the "Commercial Room." As to the lady, the effect produced was equally unworthy particular remark—she chuckled, and uttered, "Droll man!" so that Elliston was at once relieved from the necessity of a speech, which no doubt would have been clear and satisfactory as the explanation of *Joseph Surface* himself.

The reader being now pretty conscious of the Italian sky under which this wedded pair had consented to live, may have some apprehension for the fair fame of our hero, seeing that like fire which had once reached the first floor of the building, there was some danger threatening the thatch; but we are by no means prepared, by any evidence we at present have, to lead them to such painful conclusions. At the same time, we would earnestly counsel our host of the "Star," that people who sleep with their doors unfastened, cannot expect to be so secure as they who bar them up; while, on the other hand, for the "actor's benefit," we would also advise him, that it has been decided, over and over again, by the highest legal authority, that he who raises only the latch, commits as clear a felony as he who passes the threshold.

We will now beg leave to break up the party, particularly as the above may not be the only interview our readers may have with these good-natured individuals, in the course of these memoirs; we may be permitted, however, to notice, that at the period of Christmas, for seven years following this event, Mrs. Elliston received a full-sized hamper, containing the best produce of St. John's market, as a friendly gift from her husband's pleasant acquaintances in Liverpool.